

operations begin. One packet of each of the following flower-seeds will give a capital display, and make your garden as gay and varied as you could wish:—*Calandrinia discolor*, Candytuft, *Chrysanthemum Burdigeanum*, *Clarkia*, *Convolvulus major* (to creep over a wall), *Cyanus* (the blue cornflower), *Eschscholtzia* (very pretty, with orange-yellow flowers), *Godetia* (Lady Albemarle), *Helianthus globosus* (the sunflower—are you æsthetic?), *Lupins* (blue and white, to stand at the back of your border), *Mignonette* (somewhat capricious, but where it likes itself will grow freely), *Nemophila insignis* (not to be despised), Sweet Peas (trained on sticks), Prince's Feather (very showy), *Saponaria calabrica*. You may not have room for all of these, but a judicious selection will lend additional interest to your planting, and one year's failures can be succeeded another time by different kinds which may do better.

Now a word on the *modus operandi*. The seeds should be sown on a carefully prepared surface which has during the winter been deeply dug and well broken up, with a liberal supply of manure added thereto if it be at all poor. Sow thin, in round patches, about eighteen inches apart, and rumble over the circle of seeds a coat of fine dry earth, and always keep the plants sufficiently trimmed out to prevent overcrowding, which weakens them and impoverishes the bloom. Do not apply water until the tiny green leaves appear above the surface of the ground. Then you may begin to water regularly, if the weather be mild and dry; but on no account do so should frost be in the air, and always use the fine "rose" on your watering-pot. The ground cannot be too sweet and porous, for be it remembered that the delicate little root that first enters the soil is (especially in the case of small seeds) extremely sensitive, and totally unable to force its way through earth charged with moisture. Too often the poor seedling dies, and we wonder what may be the reason of this premature decay. When the seedlings are a month or six weeks old they may generally be considered strong enough to take care of themselves.

An excellent mode of protecting the seedlings of annuals is to invert, over the small circles where they have been sown, flower-pots of proportional size, raised above the soil by means of bits of wood or brick to the height of an inch or more, to admit air. In severe weather they may be placed down on the surface, and the hole covered with a piece of slate or tile. The flower-pots over the seeds after the first ten days ought to be examined every two days, and, as soon as the seed-leaves are seen pointing through the ground, light and air should be admitted by raising the rim of the pot three or four inches. When the plants get into their second leaf and acquire a little vigour, the pots may be removed altogether, unless the weather be very bleak. Slugs and snails must be carefully watched for, and all their movements duly circumvented, otherwise they will devour all the young plants. As they grow up the taller sorts will require to be supported by stakes, but take care not to tie them up too formally or stiffly, and give them support early, rather than late, when the plants, perhaps, have fallen down and lost their form. In *Asters*, especially, must this be attended to. Stakeing them early will cause them to occupy less space, and, by allowing more free exposure to light, will make them blow the finer. Flowers, when allowed to straggle about, invariably give an unkempt appearance to a garden. Very often the scattered or self-sown seed disseminated from the plants will come up again the following spring, especially from *Mignonette*, *Saponaria*, and Prince's Feather. As some of these rise irregularly they may be transplanted, while young, into some regular

order; but, remembering that these are only chance productions, do not neglect to perform the regular sowings, as this sportive supply cannot be depended upon.

As regards the placing of annuals in the bed or border according to their different colours, much must be left to the fancy of the sower. Do not sow all of one colour together, but the exercise of a little forethought and taste will doubtless produce a pleasing arrangement. Red, blue, and yellow are contrasts in all their shades, and the tints formed by the union of any two of these form harmonising colours between the contrasted ones. Red and blue, for instance, form violet; thus a violet patch, if placed between a red and blue one, would lead the eye in harmonious progression from one colour to the other. But if you wish to obtain a striking effect, place yellow next to your violet, which is its highest contrast; green and orange are respectively the highest contrasts to red and blue, and should be managed accordingly. An endless variety of effect can be obtained by a little consideration of the rules of contrasts and harmonies.

As to height, the low-growing sorts, from a few inches to a foot, should naturally be placed nearest to the edge of the border, graduating them until the back is reached, where should stand the tallest. If you have a long border backed by a wall or rock, plant *Hollyhocks* and *Gladioli*, alternately, to form the background, and graduate your annuals up to them. The *Hollyhocks* are perennial, and merely require cutting down in the early winter, when they cease to bloom, and the bulbs of the *Gladioli* may be left in the same place for two or three years, by which time they will have made offshoots, which can be divided from the original bulb. Should you desire to cover a large rocky surface, much broken up, sow *together* *Mignonette* and *Saponaria* broadcast over it. The effect is charming; the delicate pink star-like flowers of the *Saponaria* peeping through the trusses of the *Mignonette*. All the more will this combination answer should the place where the seeds are sown be dry and sunny. For *Saponaria* will produce more flower bloom in a dry soil, and more green leaves in a damp one.

There are two half hardy annuals which you should try to cultivate in a sheltered, sunny, and dry situation—in a rockery, for instance, well facing the south. The first is the *Mesembryanthemum tricolor*, which has an extremely pretty appearance, its dwarf, spreading habit rendering it well suited for rock-work. But it is very delicate, and should be grown under glass and transplanted. The second is the *Portulaca*. "In brilliancy, delicacy, and beauty of colour, the *Portulaca* surpasses all other outdoor plants, thriving in places where most other plants get burnt up. The flowers delight in sunny situations and light soils, where they rapidly carpet the ground with bloom and foliage. On rock-work exposed to the sun, on stumps of trees, in rustic vases, on dry banks, and wherever plants of a spreading or drooping habit are required, these are quite at home." And this is a very good description of them.

Find a place also for a patch or two of *Helichrysms*, the beautiful everlasting flowers. They are quite hardy, and will decorate your rooms all the winter long. Cut the flowers before they are fully expanded, as they last much better when treated so.

March is the month in which to expect your autumn-planted bulbs to appear. Looking after these, and protecting the bloom from frost, will be your work now. Pruning *Roses*, too, is an operation for this month, but one that should not be undertaken by the inexperienced. And if you succeed with your annuals this summer, these few hints will not have been written in vain.

C. D.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

A SPECIAL APPEAL TO OUR GIRLS.

By ANNE BEALE.

Home! word that sounds upon the wanderer's ear

Like music of the past, to memory dear!

WE are happy to be able to inform "our girls" that we have met with various specimens of their handiwork in many charitable institutions. We have seen their bright, warm shawls enveloping the patients at hospitals, and heard how they had been "drawn for" and prized; we have been to homes and orphanages where their well-made garments were invaluable; and last, though not least, we have beheld their more artistic productions adorning beds and walls.

"These pretty drawings were sent by the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and executed by the 'girls,'" says the secretary of "The Princess Louise Home" to us, as he escorts us through that excellent institution. "And we have received, besides, a goodly number of beautiful flannel petticoats, which we sadly needed. Indeed, our funds are so low that we cannot procure the necessary clothing."

This is a bad hearing, when nearly eighty girls have to be fed, clothed, and prepared for domestic service. They do not seem, however, to realise the position themselves, but look healthy and happy. It is pleasant to hear their young voices ringing through the old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated country house in song or talk, and to realise that they are, so far, rescued from evil homes and company.

For this abode, which bears the name of a queen's daughter, is also called "The National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," which implies that its inmates have been snatched from peril and placed in safety. It is a pretty house surrounded by gardens and grounds, and close to Epping Forest. It is situated in the village of Wanstead, Essex. The girls become much attached to it, just as their more fortunate sisters do to their country homes, and like to return to it whenever they can. Yet, like the garments, it greatly needs repair and adornment. The schoolroom, refectory, dormitories, all want "fetting up;" but hungry mouths must be filled and growing bodies clad before this can be thought of. Moreover, there are a score of vacant beds. Wherefore? Because money is needed to maintain the girls who might occupy them. In many instances they must be refused admission on account of the incapacity of friends or benefactors to pay the £13 per annum demanded for them by the Society, and in others owing to the paucity of funds to defray daily expenses.

The tender hearts of secretary, matron, and governess rebel when they are obliged to turn away a claimant, for they understand what a return to their natural surroundings involves. The appeals for their reception are often very pathetic, and come from Sunday-school teachers, church deaconesses, and Christians of all denominations resident in various parts of England. Among those of the past year is one from a clergyman, who states that the girl is most anxious to get away from an immoral atmosphere and to "take refuge in the Princess Louise Home. She is not badly disposed, and is amenable to discipline and order," says the letter. "She must either be rescued now or, I fear, never. The only difficulty appears to be the smallness of the father's contribution towards her support. He will only contribute one shilling a month." Another communication from a Sunday-school

teacher entreats for an orphan of twelve, who "lives with three sisters, two of whom are of the most degraded character. She is greatly neglected by them, and would be in rags but for the gifts of the ladies of the school. She is now a most affectionate, bright child; but it is dreadful to think what she may—I had almost said must—become if left in her miserable home." These are but two extracts from numberless appeals, all more or less appalling, and all tending to prove that ruin awaits these young creatures if no immediate refuge can be found for them. Instead, therefore, of allowing twenty beds to remain unfilled, everyone should do something towards enlarging the borders of a Home which will shelter and cultivate the drooping plants until they blossom into fragrant flowers. The cry is now raised, both at home and abroad, of "How shall we save the girls?" and the answer is ready, "Use first the means at hand—support existing institutions; then extend them, spread them, until all our young sisters shall, if willing, be protected and prepared for the battle of life."

Not only does our well-beloved Queen lead the van in this warfare against sin, but her Royal daughters raise their standards close behind her. In days gone by, the name of the illustrious Prince Consort—of "Albert the Good"—headed the reports of the Home of which we write. Now it is the Princess Louise, of whom it is the name-child; and she is not merely a nominal sponsor. She visits the girls from time to time, examines their works, talks with them, encourages them and their teachers, and makes, both literally and figuratively, "A sunshine in a shady place."

Quite lately Her Royal Highness has sent a donation of £25 to aid in the maintenance of the institution, and we hope her good example may be followed by thousands who have at heart the well-being and doing of the young. Timely help will save a sinking ship. The well-manned lifeboat with its stout-hearted crew will rescue from the rocks or quicksands of the actual ocean poor souls on the brink of eternity, and in the same way the outstretched hands of the charitable may save countless numbers of young girls, who are either drifting away from safe havens, or about to be swallowed up in the world's cruel whirlpool. Here, at this pleasant house called Woodhouse, is one such haven, and it behoves us all to maintain it. No vessel seeking its shelter from the storms of life should be allowed to run adrift; no girl asking admission should be permitted to return to the sad temptations of her life.

We are sure that the youthful readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will like to accompany us on a tour of inspection through Woodhouse. But it must be in the spirit, for the abode would assuredly not hold us in the flesh. First a pillared entrance hall, with a somewhat crazy glass door, looking out upon shrubberies. Here, in a glass case, is the treasured diary and autograph of Her Majesty the Queen, as presented to the Home by her; and side by side with it the autographs of the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne. Here, also, is the memorial tablet of the excellent founder of the institution, Mr. Talbot. It tells us how that this good man not only founded it in 1835, but died in it in 1836, having spent life and energy in its cause during forty-six years. And he passed away on the anniversary of its inauguration!

Up a few steps and into a long neat dormitory, once, apparently, the drawing-room, through the open windows of which penetrate the songs of birds. Then more dormitories, both large and small, all equally neat, and each containing its quota of small beds, and a curtained enclosure for a monitress. Governess and monitresses have all been pupils of

the Home. There is no extraneous aid, either for instruction or service, economy being the order of the Woodhouse day.

Through many airy and well-scrubbed rooms and passages to kitchen, sculleries, washhouses, &c., where the girls are all at work. They look bright and rosy as they stand, scrubbing-brush, broom, soap, saucepan, or pump-handle in hand, to return our greeting. But—low be it spoken—they are in sad need of new garments. Their frocks and pinafores are darned to extinction, and only a few could be furnished with those lovely petticoats.

"We are housemaids and parlour-maids," explain a little group in their second-best, which has lasted them six years, but looks tidier than the third-best, or "scrub," of the others. Back again through the lavatories, containing about a hundred white basins and as many bags furnished with brush and comb. It must cost something to keep the establishment in these articles alone. Into the store-room, where we are particularly attracted by piles of soap and rows of boots.

"Oh, those boots! So many are wanted, and they seem to last no time!" cries the secretary, with a melancholy air, for has he not to find the money to pay for them? "And as to the soap, why, the house is being scrubbed from morning to night."

It certainly is delightfully clean. But we remark that a little ornamentation in the way of paint or pictures might improve the bare walls. The drawings done by "our girls" are, as yet, almost the only ones. There are none in the schoolroom, which would be advantaged by maps, pictures of Biblical history, or natural history subjects, which might amuse and improve simultaneously. At present there is nothing so pretty as the girls themselves, as they bend over their work. The soap, brushes, and combs aforementioned have been used with effect, for the faces glow and the hair is smooth and glossy. Here are two fair-haired sisters, side by side, there a pair of dark ones, and it is pleasant to think that their family ties are not all severed. Eyes grave and merry glance at us; voices of many tones respond to us; and we inwardly pray that their present and future may be more propitious than their past. We shudder to think of the homes they came from, and are not surprised to hear that when they leave Woodhouse they look back upon it, and not on their previous abodes, as their home, on their kind friend, Mrs. Talbot, the matron, as their mother, and on their equally-interested governess as an elder sister. At least, so it would seem from many letters we have been permitted to peruse, and from which we can scarcely do better than make a few extracts in the very room where their writers were taught their orthography and calligraphy. These letters have been written by girls in various places and under all sorts of circumstances, but they uniformly prove attachment to "The Auld Hoose," and desires to do well in their situations, and to deserve the prizes awarded for keeping them. They generally contain long accounts of their places and work, besides the short bits we quote.

"My dear madam, I thank you for all your kindness to me while I was in the Home, and for all your kind instructions that you gave me when you used to talk so nice to the girls at prayer-time. I always remember what you used to tell us about looking at our work after we done it, to see if we can find any little fault with it."

"Thanking you very much for getting me such a nice situation, and for giving me such good advice. I often think of you all, and wonder if things go on the same as when I was there. Love to all the girls, Miss Corbett and the monitress, and a double portion to yourself."

"I often think of the dear old house at Woodhouse, for it is very dear to me, dearer even now than when I was there."

"I hope soon to come to see you. It is the only place I have to go to."

"I now take my pen in hand to write these few lines to you, hoping you and dear Mr. Talbot are quite well, as I am, thank God, myself. I hope I shall have the pleasure of coming to see you again. You have been like a mother to me, and I always look on you as a mother."

"I always think how thankful I am for coming to Woodhouse school. Now I am married and got four little children. My husband has taken a gardener's place at a Home, like Woodhouse. It reminds me so much of years gone by. Please would you allow me to come a few hours to see you all again?"

"I hope the girls enjoyed themselves at their treat. I should have liked to have been with you all."

This allusion to a "treat" turns our attentions to some Christmas decorations still lingering about the schoolroom, and we hear what a glorious Christmas the girls spent, not so many weeks ago.

"First we went to church," they say, "and then we all had roast beef, and 'flour-ball,' and vegetables, and plenty of gravy; and then plum pudding! Such pudding, with lots of raisins and currants. Afterwards we went to the laundry for dessert. There, on the long table, were oranges, and chestnuts, and Spanish nuts, and almonds. Mr. Gillham, and Mrs. Talbot, and Miss Corbett, and the monitresses, and us all, did enjoy it!"

"I should think they did!" breaks in the secretary, "and Christmas Eve as well. On visiting the Home, I found them busy with a broomstick in the centre of a tub of earth, to which they were tying sprays of holly, laurel, fir, and the like, in the hopes of its eventuating an actual Christmas tree. That did not suit my notions, so I sallied into the garden and singled out a holly thirteen feet high, which soon came to the ground. With difficulty we got it through the passages, and upstairs to the schoolroom, where willing hands made short work of it, and it was soon hung with presents, bonbons, and crackers. I think," he adds aside, "that if people could only contrast the condition of these young girls with numbers of their sisterhood, of whom I have had the histories only this morning, some strenuous effort would be made to rescue from peril these young creatures."

We venture to ask for a few details of the morning's letters.

"One," replies the devoted secretary, "prays for admission to the Home for 'a bright, lively, motherless girl of twelve, one of seven children, whose father is a labourer, and can find no one to look after them.' A second is from a lady who brought us, some time back, a 'waif' from Albert-court, Shadwell, and who expresses herself so pleased with the Home that she hopes soon to bring another. The said 'waif's' only known relative was an aunt of such vicious character that when she left the other day for a situation, the girl entreated that her whereabouts should be concealed from her. A third is from a marchioness, seeking admission for the child of a crippled beggar, of so violent a temper that the workhouse authorities cannot manage her. I have written to say she may come, for 'temper' does not daunt us. A fourth comes from the Registrar of a 'Preventive Mission,' pleading for two girls all but deserted by their parents, one aged twelve, the other fourteen. Unless they are rescued at once, their case seems hopeless. We shall probably receive them all, but know not how to raise the money to maintain them. My niece and helper suggests a bazaar, and wonders whether

the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, whose pictures and petticoats have lately cheered us, would aid us with their handiwork."

No sooner proposed than seconded. There is no time to lose. We bid a hurried adieu to the Home and its inmates, turn our backs on the Forest and Wanstead Flats, take a train for Maryland Point, then the train for Liverpool-street, finally to our legs, till we reach the London office of the "Princess Louise Home" in New Broad-street. Here we find a young lady bending over a desk, and looking anxiously at figures. We "interview her," as the Americans say, and no sooner is "the bazaar" mentioned, than smiles replace the care on her face.

"I am sure we should master our difficulties if only THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER would help us," she says, confidently. "I have arranged it all in my head. I would have working-parties here, at the office; I would receive and register all contributions; I would get up a committee, president, everything, if we could secure 'the girls.'"

We put on our considering helmet, and look as wise as Minerva.

"We will see," we say, oracularly.

Again, no sooner said than done. We set

off once more, and threading our way through streets innumerable, we reach the learned quietude of Paternoster-row. We are at the Religious Tract Society directly, and having mounted three flights of stairs, we have the audacity to "beard" that friend of girls, the Editor, in his very den. He can see a thing "straight off," and understands "our case" at once.

"Yes, you may make an appeal for contributions of work to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," he says, "provided I have permission to inspect the articles sent, and that each worker's gift is duly acknowledged."

We pour out a profusion of thanks, and hurry back to the office breathless. There sits our friend expectant, and incapable of casting up those rows of figures.

"It is all settled," we exclaim, and proceed to arrange preliminaries.

And, now, my dear young friends, we have only to appeal to you for immediate assistance. Time presses, and your sisters, who are in peril of soul and body, must be saved. The good God will bless your efforts, however insignificant they may seem, to "bring them from darkness to light." Will you, then, employ a portion of the time and talents

He has entrusted you with, in this work? The bazaar is to take place about midsummer, so we have only a few months before us, but we know what a powerful lever is the female will, and are assured that if "our girls" will throw theirs into their shoulders, and put them to the wheels of this, our difficulty, they will roll it away in no time.

They know that all sorts of contributions are acceptable at bazaars, from penny pin-cushions to perfect pictures, and, to use the well-worn sentence of old-fashioned duns, "We assure them that the smallest donations will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by," Miss Grace Tidd,

Office of the Princess Louise Home,
54, New Broad-street,
London, E.C.

We shall hope, by the kind permission of the Editor, to give our readers *monthly* particulars of how we progress, and we trust to be able to report that such as may not have time to manufacture even the "penny pin-cushion" aforesaid, will at least send us the "penny," to expend in materials. If those who have no money will give time, and such as have no time will give money, we will somehow manage to "make both ends meet."



SYMPATHY.

MANTLING the house with a delicate screen,
Basking in sunshine the creeper is seen,
Sending aloft its emerald spray,
Tender and fair as a blossom in May.
Gorgeously bright as a tropical flower,
When o'er the homestead the wintry clouds lower,
Charming the eye with its glorious sheen,
Richer and fairer than spring's tender green.

Beautiful creeper, thy mission be mine,
Home with soft tendrils of love to entwine,
Sympathy giving in life's joyous day,
Tenderer care when its hopes fade away;
Helpful and blithe 'neath the sun-illumed skies,
Light of the house should a shadow arise—
Learning of thee in thy radiance to shower
Holiest love on the gloomiest hour.

E. W.

altered in them, could any difference in her conduct have produced other result? Worn out at last, just when the world's grey eye was opening, she sinks into a deep, unrefreshing slumber, which is disturbed at length by Jacqueline.

How different is this awakening from yesterday's!

Now she rises with the feeling of having to take up again a burden which she has only been able to lay down for awhile, and which she must bear through many weary days of self-torture.

Her first care is to go down to the valley to see 'Lisbeth and *la mère* Suzanne.

The rose-garlands of yesterday's *fête* hang withered from their poles, but every *paysan* she meets has a smile on his honest, sunburnt face, and an air of brisk alertness begotten by the lately-given hope. So she comes to the cottage where 'Lisbeth lies with a cross on her breast, and the faded myrtle-wreath at her feet. Patiently and pitifully she listens to all *la mère* Suzanne has to tell, and looks upon the sacred mystery of death through brimming eyes. Her presence and her sympathy comfort the poor bereaved old soul. She carries away with her, too, almost as much comfort as she leaves behind, for the difficulties which beset her own pathway seem to decrease in magnitude after she has beheld the restful quietude into which all 'Lisbeth's sorrows had been resolved.

"So that one wins peace at the last," says Damaris to herself, as she re-treads the path to the *château*. "What can it matter how thickly one's steps are beset with thorns?"

La Marquise has made an effort on behalf of her guests, and all are assembled at the twelve o'clock *déjeuner* when Damaris re-enters the *château*. It is later than she had supposed, and, casting aside her hat, she hurries at once to the *salle à manger*.

"*Petite paresseuse!*" is the playful greeting of La Marquise.

"*Chère maman,*" says Monsieur le Marquis, "I can avouch that Mademoiselle Damaris does not deserve the impeachment. If we could only have the history of her early morning hours, I believe it would be a reproach to us all."

"Explain, *petite*. Refute the statement of this saucy boy, who thinks that he knows everything. What have you been doing?"

"Madame," says Damaris, returning the greetings of La Duchesse and Leonie, and the stiff bow of Monsieur St. Just, "I have been down to the valley." "Picking up dead rose-leaves as trophies of the *fête*?"

Damaris has no answering smile for Monsieur le Marquis's idle question as she takes her seat at the table.

"No, monsieur. I have been at the cottage of *la mère* Suzanne."

Over the light chatter and the summer morning sunshine falls an instant's hush. Then Monsieur le Marquis—

"There, did I not tell you so, *chère maman*?"

But a voice, with whose changed tones Damaris is hardly yet familiar, says harshly—

"You have a strangely unwholesome taste to go there, mademoiselle."

Damaris seems as though she does not hear, while she turns at once to answer a remark of Leonie's.

She is thankful that the general conversation takes a turn which does not necessitate her taking part in it. She subsides into silence, toying with the food on her plate.

The question under discussion is what is to be done with the next few days? How are they to be used to the best advantage in making La Duchesse and Leonie acquainted with the neighbourhood of St. Aubin? Jerome takes the most active part in proposing excursions here and there to various points of interest, suggestions that are subjected to so many of La Marquise's modifications and objections that the original schemes dwindle into nothingness. She, seconded by La Duchesse, artfully manoeuvres to draw Etienne into the discussion, and to get him to express some opinion or desire, while he, as studiously holds himself aloof as Jerome eagerly puts his own views forwards. Leonie listens, with alternate delight and disappointment swiftly succeeding each other in her ingenuous countenance. Some of Monsieur le Marquis's propositions sound so perfectly delightful to her unsophisticated ears that she cannot think why the elder ladies persist in throwing cold water upon them.

At last they rise from table without having absolutely decided upon anything.

"Don't go, Etienne," says La Marquise when, having wheeled her back into the *salon*, he is about to slip away to his solitude and his books, which seem to have resumed their old usurpation of his time and thoughts. "We must decide something for to-morrow, if not for to-day."

"I leave you a good substitute for myself," he says. "Jerome is far more able to direct your excursions than I. You may safely trust him in a matter of this kind. Have the goodness to excuse me," he adds, bowing abstractedly to La Duchesse; "I have arrears of work after my absence."

The Duchess being a ponderous person, and slow of motion mentally and physically, is not so quick as La Marquise would have been in her place to invent an excuse to detain him, and before she can frame the smallest, he is gone, leaving Jerome master of the field and of circumstances.

This, often repeated, throws La Marquise into despair, and at last she be-thinks herself of enlisting Damaris as coadjutor. She reverts in her own mind to those early days at the *château* when Monsieur St. Just appeared to delight in their society, when, to use her own words, he had seemed to be amused by *petite's* drolleries. Her guests have been several days at the *château* when it occurs to her all at once that since their coming *petite* has been less entertaining than she used to be. Pleased with her own depth of penetration, which has been so quick to detect this fact, La Marquise instantly sets to work to remedy it according to her own fashion of doing things.

It has been arranged that on the following day Madame la Duchesse shall be introduced to the valley. Monsieur le Curé has considerably invited the whole party to a *déjeuner* in his picturesque *maisonnette* on the other side of the valley. All have accepted his proffered hospitality save Monsieur St. Just, who pleaded his usual excuse. After Monsieur le Curé has bowed himself away, Damaris is listlessly preparing to follow Madame la Duchesse, Leonie, and Monsieur le Marquis, who are going to walk in the *château* gardens, when La Marquise detains her.

"Stay, *petite*, I want you."

"Certainly, madame."

(To be continued.)



THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

WE are making a "good beginning." The appeal for "The Home" has already brought forth fruit, and as we are writing this on the 2nd of March it will be understood that no time has been lost, since the appeal was only made within the last few days. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise has kindly consented to be the lady patroness. The Lady Mayoress is on the committee, and several influential ladies, wives of our City magnates, have already joined it, and promised to help in furnishing stalls. The letters from "our girls," both to the Editor and Miss Tidd, are numerous, and all contain either offers of work or aid in money. Our grateful thanks are tendered to each and all. Several kind letters have been received from servants, who regret their inability to render substantial assistance. We reply to them that we will "take the will for the deed," but would not encroach on their modest resources. "A Mother" also makes a suggestion which may be acted upon without the separate stalls she proposes. There will be a stall for useful articles, and if she and other "mothers" will contribute to it, they will be adding greatly to the good work. We shall also welcome, as she suggests, contributions from "the brothers" who now and again run through our "G. O. P." The working party at the office of the Society progresses, and a lady generously proposes that a working party with which she is connected in the country shall devote a portion of its time to our bazaar. We are in great spirits. We append a list of the donations received up to the present time:—Miss De Bois, 5s.; Miss Self, 10s.; A Maid of Kent, £1; A Lancashire Shop-girl, 10s.; Miss Spencer, 5s.; Oakleaf, 2s. 6d.; Queranda, stamps; "One of Our Girls," stamps; A Schoolgirl at Darmstadt, stamps. A Reader of the "G.O.P." stamps; One Poor Herself, stamps; Miss B. M. Loane, 5s.; Miss Smith, 2s. 6d.; Miss Urquhart, 5s.; Miss Chirnside, 3s.; Sarah Price, 5s.; "Mopsey," 10s.

anything better than his love? And could he not give it to her more frankly, more genially than he had done? Was it not after all the bestowal of the little things, the little considerations, the little tendernesses which could alone make great gifts gracious—setting forth all the difference between the largesse of love and the bounty of patronage?

"I shall write to my mother at once," he said, seizing a sheet of note-paper. "I shall write just because she does not expect a letter, and because I have nothing to say, except that somehow I wanted to write."

The letter was short and simple enough, after all:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I know this is not my regular day for writing, and I hope therefore that the sight of my calligraphy will not frighten you. But because I always do write a weekly letter, I don't see why I should never write one in between. I have been thinking a great deal about you to-day, because there are some new people come into Miss Milne's other lodging, and they have made their sitting-room look so pretty with a lot of little devices that I might contrive for your chamber when I am with you for the holidays.

"I wish I had somebody who would put me up to ways of giving you pleasure, for I'm afraid I'm not very sharp in hitting on them myself, except in telling you of the place I have in class, or of the praise I get marked on my papers. Why should I not do these things, and yet not leave the others undone? Ah, do you remember a sermon we once heard from that text at the Kirk of Logie? It is long ago. Father was with us then. Oh, I was quite a little fellow. It was spring, I remember, and you had on a pale green dress, and I thought you looked like part of the beautiful fields that had begun to live and move. And I sat on a hassock at the end of the pew, and when I peeped inside your bible—the old one, with the bent clasp—I saw a dried white rosebud between the leaves. How strangely all things come back when once one begins to remember! I hope you will think this letter worth reading, and believe me to be, your affectionate son,

ROBERT FINLAY.

"P.S.—I do hope you have always felt how much I love you, though I don't believe I ever said a word about it before."

How astonished Faith Alleyne would have been if she had known this result of her trifling industries! As it was, her heart was made light by Denzil's exclamation, as he came in, in high good spirits, from their walk.

"Upon my word, Faith, but your room does not look so bad, after all. The change you have made for the better is wonderful, considering all things!"

(To be continued.)



VARIETIES.

POETICAL MOTTOES FOR MENU CARDS.

THE most simple matters of daily occurrence as well as events of the most momentous consequence are capable of illustration from the writings of our great poets. In the following selection we have supplied mottoes from our greatest poet for only a few viands. But should any reader care to amuse herself by searching for additional ones, we are pretty certain she will find quotations to suit almost every article in the cookery book.

FIRST COURSE. "Continue in courses till thou knowest what they are."

SECOND COURSE. "Great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast."

THIRD COURSE. "Whatever the course, the end is the renown."

FOURTH COURSE. "The fruits are to ensue." "And any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

APPLE TART. "Carv'd like an apple tart."

CAPON, ROASTED. "You cannot feed capons so."

CHEESE. "My cheese, my digestion."

CHICKENS. "You would chickens if the shell."

CREAM, ICE. "Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."

CUCUMBER. "For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps."

DUCK. "Oh! dainty duck, with wings as swift as meditation."

FIG. "The fig of Spain, very good."

LAMB. "Innocent as is the sucking lamb."

LETTUCE. "We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb."

NUTS. "And fetch the new nuts."

ONIONS. "An onion will do well for such a shift."

ORANGES. "Give this orange to your friend."

OYSTERS. "This treasure of an oyster."

PEAS, GREEN. "I had rather have a handful or two of peace."

POTATOES. "Let the sky rain potatoes."

PRUNES AND RAISINS. "Four pounds of prunes and as many raisins o' the sun."

PUDDING, PLUM. "Blessed pudding, the more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns."

QUINCE PIE. "They call for quinces in the pastry."

SALMON. "Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."

SHAD. "A very fresh fish here."

SNIPE. "I should time expend with such a snipe."

SOUP. "Expect spoon meat."

VEAL. "Veal," quoth the Dutchman; "is not veal a calf?"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A pious, good princess, surpassing fair,
Benevolent and wise, whose fostering care
Gave her adopted country useful trade—
Brought in her countrymen her views to aid,
Gave them new homes wherein their looms to ply,
And made a nation's special industry.
Her honoured name th' initial letters spell;
Her native land the final letters tell.

1. On reading his "Lives," we're astonished to find
How great were the follies and faults of mankind.
When a Greek takes his aim he is certain to hit,
So the follies were *glory*, the faults were called *wit*;

And his parallels drawn 'twixt his heroes have shown
That they sought not the good of mankind, but their own.

2. A seaport and capital city, well known
In that world which was "given to Castille and Léon
By Columbus;" whose bones—after hardship and strife,
Ungrateful imprisonment, toil-harassed life—
Consigned to the ground whose discovery he made,
In its noble cathedral were peacefully laid.
3. I have read of a tribe that in Africa dwelt,
Among whom the desire for a change was not felt;
For their breakfast was fish, and their dinner the same,
Which no doubt will account for their very odd name.
4. What was it Diogenes took when he went
Through the Forum of Athens, with cynic intent,
Into every corner and cranny to scan
And to find—if 'twere possible—one honest man?
5. There is one of the States of America, named
From its ancient possessors, the Red Men;
'tis famed
For its mineral wealth and its rivers that flow
By the fields where the "breadstuffs"
luxuriantly grow.
6. In this ancient castle a hero was born,
The Protestants' hope and the Catholics' scorn.
Of his own country, king; yet was chosen to reign
O'er another; he ruled it with wisdom humane.
Through battlefields fearlessly ventured his life,
To fall at the last by a murderer's knife.
7. The captive, in solitude hopeless and sad,
To whom memory brought back the days that were glad;
His spirit soar'd free from the misery and gloom
As he wrote the sweet air on the walls of his room.
8. Come hither, ye sluggards, come hither to me,
And wise lessons of industry shall ye all see.

XIMENA.

THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.



FOUR girls could look into the offices of the Princess Louise Home, in New Broad-street, they would be amused and astonished to see them lined with band-boxes and packing cases. These represent gifts for the coming bazaar—work either finished or in progress—and materials generously presented by several City firms. Miss Tidd no longer looks down-cast, but is radiant with hope; for have not the promises of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN

PAPER surpa sed her expectations? One huge case is filled with their handiwork and presents. We examine them all conscientiously; the useful first, on the principle of "business first, pleasure afterwards." Here is underclothing, both woollen and linen, socks and stockings, baby clothes of all sorts, pinafores and aprons, jackets and scarfs, hats and caps, toilet sets and towels, &c., &c. Then comes the ornamental. What dolls for the children and embroidered articles for their mothers! Besides, we have slippers, penwipers, purses, scent bags, d'oyleys, scrap-books, and a whole legion of mats and pincushions. Many of these contributions have come from very young children. Here is a whole box full of pretty things from "Kathleen and Mabel," which leads one to hope that some generous friend may undertake a stall! Our expectations grow with success. And no wonder, when "our girls" are so kind. Even the hardest workers for their daily bread amongst them express sympathy. Governesses, who have little time, send a trifle in money, and several servants enclose stamps, together with wishes and prayers for the salvation of their tempted sisters. They will like to learn that these, their sisters, are working hard for the bazaar; and the "home" is truly a hive of busy bees gathering honey for future use. Already several new inmates have been admitted, and many thanks are due to kind ladies who have sent clothes to the home, rather than contributions to the bazaar.

A pile of letters lies before us, that have come from all parts of the kingdom. Some of these have accompanied parcels or enclosed smaller gifts. Others have contained monetary donations. All have been gladly and gratefully welcomed. One informs us that the Rev. and Mrs. Vere Freeman have formed a committee at Exmouth to assist our cause efficiently; another suggests that if every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER were to send one shilling, a considerable sum would be raised; a third, the head of an educational establishment, says her pupils are aiding us. Indeed, we have heard of other schools that are kindly helping. Therefore, "We thank God and take courage." We have had our first committee meeting, held in the quaint vestry of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, one of the old City churches, situated near the Bank. The Lady Mayoress was unable to attend, but we hope that the members present laid the foundation of a grand superstructure. If only we can have a successful bazaar, how many poor friendless girls may we not all help to rescue!

We again append a list of donations received from the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER since the publication of our last short report:—

Spring, 8s.; A. M. B. T., 2s.; A Mite for the Home, 1s.; A Reader "G. O. P.," 1s. 6d.; Agnes and Alice, 4s.; Clara Branch, 10s.; Mrs. Clisby, £1 11s. 6d.; Anon, 6d.; L. McN., 10s.; A Reader "G. O. P.," 10s.; A. Jenkins, 1s.; Ada Long, 1s.; Nelly Eckham, 2s. 2d.; A. O. S., 5s.; W. A. S., 5s.; Eleanor A. M., 1s.; Katie Ashton, 2s. 6d.; E. A. Stilwell, 4d.; Mary Fountain, 2s. 6d.; A. Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; One of Our Girls, 2s.; A. Gardener's Cottage, 3s.; E. R., 6d.; E. Pigott, 10s.; Misses Wilford, 7s. 6d.; A. A. C., 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Mitton, £1 1s.; S. G. T., 2s.; Eliza Hatcher, 1s.; A Well Wisher, Exeter, 6d.; Edith Carlill, 5s.; Isabella Gane (with Needlework), 4d.; Mary Jones, 6d.; Miss Richards, 10s.



A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PERSIAN GAMBIT.



Do not let me detain you, monsieur. I am very tired, and will rest here a little before climbing the zigzag."

"I am only going to the stables," he answered; "I will come back to you in a little while."

Thankful for a respite of any kind, Damaris listened to his departing step as she leaned heavily upon the parapet of the bridge, and gazed into her tortured reflection below. But just as the swirling water, with its broken rings and ripples, contorted her image, so did she, in unsparing self-martyrdom, look into a self which was but a twisted semblance of the reality. She looked back through a misty vista of dreams to that first marvellous day at the *château*, amazed now at the fulness of her unsuspecting delight.

The sun rested low upon the hills, and already shadows were filling the valley. Immediately above her, on its gloomy height, frowned the old *château*, with the sunlight gilding its towers and battlements. It seemed to overawe her with its stately solemnity. She was no more, comparatively, than one of those leaves dashed along by the stream below, on the march of events that swept through its walls and chambers. Yet she had dared to suppose that she could put down her little straw into the stream and direct the course of her floating leaf. So much for her presumption. The little leaf was stranded on a mud-bank, and the stream dashed on in no way affected by its fate.

What was there left to her? Damaris asked herself, dreamily.

The friendship of which Madame la Marquise had spoken.

But could she steady her hand enough to take it? No sooner did this question occur to her than she saw that this was precisely what she must do in order to prevent others seeing what she had seen. She might even claim it as a right upon the strength of what had been. Perhaps, if she could do this, the quiet tenor of their intercourse might be resumed. Was it because he had suspected what she had only to-day discovered, that it had been broken?

Thicker grew the shadows in the valley, louder roared the foaming water, and lower bent Damaris's proud head as a very agony of shame crept up and over her.

Sharply she recalled every incident of that morning's ride to Chambuisson, every word that had been spoken. She

had wondered, as she rode back to the *château*, what had prompted Monsieur St. Just to talk to her in that way. Now she believed she had discovered the reason. He wished to check any wild dream she might be entertaining with regard to him.

Having once started upon this path of self-torture, Damaris was ingenious in prolonging and widening it. With something of the self-same martyr spirit which prompted the victims of olden time persecutions to thrust their members defiantly into the flames, so did she probe and expose the quivering sensibilities of her own heart.

Probably, on his return, he had seen and misinterpreted her joy—the joy which she had by instinct hidden far more successfully than she supposed, and, being an honourable and rigidly righteous man, he had withdrawn himself as completely as he could from the sphere of her daily life.

The thought was terrible to her that she could be so humiliated in the eyes of Monsieur St. Just. Like all proud and sensitive women, she could hardly be called upon to endure keener anguish than that which came from the thought that she was suspected of having given her love unsought.

Bending lower over the stream, she crushed her hands tightly together, so that the nails dug themselves into the pink flesh. The wavering, broken image of herself looked back at her with pitiful, humiliated eyes.

"How could I help loving him?" she said, apostrophising it. "I love all that is true, and pure, and good. I never dreamed of possessing more than his friendship. With that I should have been perfectly satisfied. And now there is only one thing left me to do. I must disabuse his mind of the idea he has admitted in obedience to those worldly suggestions, whose subtle whisperings it seems even he cannot wholly disregard. I must show him that I am perfectly indifferent to all but such friendship as he would accord me if I were a man, I will not evince the slightest degree more of interest in the things which please him than in those which delight Monsieur Jerome. I will be easy and unaffected, even by his coldness and incivility. God help me, strengthen me, sustain me in the carrying out of this resolution!"

She raised herself erectly; the colour came back to her cheek, the light to her eye. She thought she had arrived at a correct solution of all that had puzzled her, and that she had only to nerve herself to pursue the course of action marked out.

The sunlight had left even the highest turret of the *château* as she set off briskly up the zigzag path. She had forgotten Monsieur le Marquis altogether.

All save the two defaulters were gathered upon the terrace when Damaris, with cheeks glowing from the exertion made, and eyes dancing from the excitement that sustained her, emerged directly beneath. She lifted her eyes as she passed along below the balustrade. Several exclamations greeted

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WING to the extensive and ever increasing circulation of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, this article must be in the hands of the editor to-morrow, May 3rd, in order to appear in the June part. This will account for our details seeming to be in arrears. It is also the reason of our inability to give the exact date of the bazaar until after the event. But it will be advertised in some of the daily papers, to which we must refer our kind readers both for time and place. The exact date cannot be ascertained until the room or rooms can be secured, and this has not yet been effected. It is to be held, however, about midsummer. Flowers, both cultivated and wild, will be invaluable contributions, and if any of "our girls" are inclined to aid in this sweet and tasteful portion of our work, they can do so by writing first to Miss Tidd about the middle of June, and she will give them every information as to the "how and the when." These "stars that in earth's firmament do shine" should be sent to her.

We have just had the curiosity to count the number of letters now before us that have arrived since our last month's report of progress. They are 113, and have all been accompanied either by donations in money or goods. A list of the former is appended, but we are not allowed space enough in our beloved paper to add the latter. But we trust the generous donors will be satisfied by a letter from Miss Tidd, sent as soon as each contribution is received. This very morning we witnessed the unpacking of several parcels that had been forwarded to the editor, and had, therefore, to be sent on from his seat of government to that of the secretary of our Home. Any delay in their acknowledgment will be due to this transmission. We cannot resist chronicling one of these gifts, bestowed, we imagine, by some connection of the manufacturer's. It was a splendid overcoat of waterproof material of considerable value, and we are sure will tempt the traveller at home or abroad. In contradistinction to this masculine garment was a box full of minute knitted dolls' clothes, so small and daintily worked, that we envy the skill of the juvenile fabricators. But as to dolls, their garments, their bedsteads and cradles, they are of all sorts and sizes, though not all contributed by our girls. Many other friends are also helping who do not express themselves as readers of this magazine. We have again to offer the warm thanks of the inmates of the Home and its secretaries for the continued interest shown in the work. The 113 letters aforesaid are written by readers of all ages, and of every condition in life. Young children send their handiwork, and ladies subscribing themselves as "old girls of seventy, seventy-six, and eighty, yet readers," contribute theirs. We have a personal friend of eighty-six who is indefatigable in labouring for our Bazaar, and who declares she reads THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "right through." Many servants give liberally of their spare time, and even cash, while ladies engaged in tuition continue to aid us themselves, and to encourage their pupils to do likewise.

Of one such there is an especially interesting tale to tell. Herself a governess, and student at a training college, she is yet a Sunday school teacher and zealous visitor of the poor. She found the other day one of her Sunday scholars, a girl of fourteen, the child of a

widowed mother, under doubtful circumstances of life—a delicate girl in danger from many temptations incident to poverty, and living in a crowded London thoroughfare. This young lady and her sister had just completed a box of tasteful gifts for the Bazaar, in response to our appeal, and it was put into her heart to ask for admission to the Home of the poor child in whom she was so deeply interested. She set to work at once; went first to the girl's mother, then to the secretary at the office, then to a governor for a letter of recommendation, and finally has obtained a promise that her protégée shall be shortly admitted. Thus the poor girl will, by God's providence, be rescued, and trained for domestic service, while her friend will have the satisfaction of being the human instrument of, perhaps, saving her from destruction. We think she should be called "the Child of the Bazaar," since, but for it, her benefactress would not have heard of the Princess Louise Home. But it entails a vast amount of extra work on the willing secretaries. As to Miss Tidd, she is at it from 9 a.m. till midnight, and Mr. Gillham has his portion. He has received a letter from Washington, United States, asking for further particulars of the foundation, management, &c., of the Home mentioned in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, because the authorities of that city contemplate founding a similar one there. Is not this encouraging? "Go and do likewise" is a command to us all.

One of the most earnest workers for our Bazaar is a poor but respectable dressmaker, whose daughter—one of the so-called incorrigibles—is in the Home. Out of materials furnished by friends she manufactures children's and dolls' dresses, and is ready to use her machine for any purpose to which it can be put, provided it can aid the Home that shelters her child. And how many "earnest workers" we have! Those multitudinous handboxes are overflowing with knitted petticoats and all sorts of wool work—pence-jugs, egg-coseys, boots and balls breaking bounds continually. We have, besides, valuable point-lace handkerchiefs and filoselle slippers, which must have used up much time, patience, and eyesight; indeed, what that the cunning handicraft of girls can achieve have we not? What it did not achieve, however, are a silk-winder and a dainty camp-stool, as well as a curious piece of machinery in the shape of a "strong-minded woman" holding forth to her constituents.

We have now only to repeat our refrain of, "All contributions will be gratefully received and speedily acknowledged by Miss Grace Tidd, 54, New Broad-street, E.C.," and to add a list of previous contributors. We are also able to append the names of the distinguished ladies who have kindly consented to become patronesses of our Bazaar, which will be supplemented by others.

DONATIONS.

Two Trifles for the Home, 8d.; T. E., 6d.; H. Hale, 2s.; Passion Flower, 1s.; Bird of Spring, 6d.; A Well-wisher, 10s.; An Irish Girl, 2s. 6d.; E. H. Horman, 2s.; Miss Hill and Pupils, 10s. 6d.; H. J. Thorpe, 5s. 6d.; A Country Girl, 2s. 6d.; A. B. Deane, 2s.; A Manx Lassie, 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 5s.; Mrs. Helen Cook, 5s. 2d.; Nelly and Janet, 5s.; Ada H. Grafton, 3s.; A. A. B., 7s.; Mrs. Jackson, 5s.; Elizabeth Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Clarabella, 5s.; A Well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; Rosa Mott, 2s. 6d.; "Girl's Own Paper," 1s.; Eva and Maude B., 4s.; A. A. M., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Mayall, 2s.; Mercy Davy, 1s.; Anon, 5s.; Busy Bee, 5s.; H. Porter, 5s.; A Sussex Maiden, 5s.; E. Fowler, 2s.; Isabella Graham Johnson, 3s. 6d.; A Fellow-servant, 1s.; Nellie Kingston, 10s.; Fanny Kerr (Jamaica), 4s.; One of the Editor's Girls, 5s.; Wych

Hazel, 1s.; F. S. B., 1s.; E. Savery D., 6d.; E. Rawlings, Esq., 1s.

PATRONESSES.

H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Lady Mayoress, Lady Brassey, Lady Truscott, Lady Sherborne, Lady Victoria Long Wellesley, Countess of Orkney, Countess of Galloway, Lady Violet Greville, Hon. Mrs. Halliburton Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, Mrs. Marwood Tucker, the Misses Beresford Hope, Lady Hayter, Lady Prescott, Lady Jessel, Mrs. Sarah Philips, Lady Martin, Mrs. Breffit, Mrs. Ogg.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WILD ROSE.—We fail to see why your having left school could render you ineligible for preparing yourself for the examination of the College of Preceptors. No. "2" is the best specimen of writing enclosed.

PENLOPE.—You may learn the multiplication, the pence, and the shillings tables without the aid of a teacher. We think that by attending a night school, writing copies, and learning to spell properly you might acquire sufficient education to render you capable of serving in a shop. But how long it would take you to make such a preparation we could not tell. You might be ready in a twelvemonth.

EPSILON.—Write to the Secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. The most inexpensive classes are those of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay. We should think not less than £40 per annum.

GERTRUDE.—The "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price four shillings. We fear we cannot help you if nothing you have already found in "My Work Basket" has been suitable.

HINDOO KOOSH.—According to a recent letter from the Duke of Westminster, published in all the papers, there is at present a good opening for teachers of cookery. The Edinburgh School is at Albert-buildings, Shandwick-place, and for that of Glasgow, address Miss Paterson, 8, Claremont-terrace.

MUSHROOM.—The examination held in the University of Cambridge in the second year of residence is called the "Little Go." In Oxford the corresponding examination is called "the Smalls." Write to the secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, for information.

BLACK SPANISH.—Your question is best answered by reminding you of the fact that "set" is an intransitive verb, which is formed into a transitive one by changing the vowel—as, "sit." Thank you for your kind letter, which we think is beautifully written.

FLORA.—We do not give the addresses of agents, but we always advise. English girls wishing to take situations abroad should communicate with Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, before doing so.

ISALINE.—The period you require in the history of Rome is covered by "Rome and its Papal Rulers," by Canon Trevor, price 8s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. This work begins from the foundation of the city.

MAID OF ATHENS.—Write to the secretary, C. R. Hodgson Esq., College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Your writing is very poor indeed.

OLIVIA PRIMROSE and RUMTYDUDGET.—You will find "The Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., an excellent work for beginners in botany and other natural sciences.

MINA GREEN.—We fear we must quote, for your benefit, Sydney Smith's unkind saying about the surgical operation and the joke, and substitute yours for a Scottish understanding.

RACHEL.—Address Mrs. Croom Robertson, Secretary, 31, Kensington-park Gardens, W., if you desire any information respecting the rules of Girton College, Cambridge. The mistress is Miss Bernard. The age for admission, eighteen years and upwards. The expenses, £105 per annum. The entrance examinations in March and June. You would find Newnham Hall much less expensive, if economy be an object. Residence is supplied for pupils over seventeen years of age, who are attending lectures or preparing for the University Examinations. Expenses of board and lodging from forty-five to sixty guineas, and for instruction from six to fifteen guineas per annum. The Principal is Miss A. J. Clough.

ART.

ANNIE STATIA (Anastatia).—An article will shortly be given in this magazine on the subject of "Chrysoleum Painting," to which we direct your attention. Your writing is very legible but not pretty.

STANLEY VERA.—Two things are requisite to make an artist who designs for any work thoroughly efficient—ideality and manual power. How could

what it was, had therefore inclined each other to mercy, shook hands and said good-night.

Faith was already sleeping soundly when they stole to their couches.

Robert Finlay had a restless night. He had made up his mind to be as true very early next morning, and his conscientious determination effectually drove sleep away. And lying there in the darkness many thoughts passed to and fro within him. His life had hitherto been kept warm and strong by his resolutions to do his duty to his mother. And now that she was gone, and the first agony of loss was subsiding, he began to feel that his life had grown somewhat empty and cold. A nature which has once been truly fed by the divine food of love can never rest content with any coarser diet. From the love of kin and neighbour we must rise to the love of mankind. Sorrow empties the heart to expand it.

"If there is nothing more to be done for mother there is plenty more to be done for God," he pondered. "Once or twice lately I have wished I was dead; but it is base and cowardly to want to leave a world where there is so much sin and sorrow for somebody to struggle with and to bear. And I do think, sometimes, even among us students, that the steady fellows are not half so active in trying to keep others steady as the wild ones are to make others wild. I know that I myself do not say a single word of dissent when I hear words spoken and see things done which I know to be downright wicked. I haven't even openly condemned them as 'caddish' or 'low'—which all wickedness is. I don't believe I should have troubled myself one bit about Denzil Alleyne if I hadn't happened to know his sister and to understand how troubled she will be. And yet, of course, it's the same with all the others.

"Why, if I had been on the alert to do my duty to strangers, I might have managed to know this boy Alleyne as soon, or even sooner, than any student in the town; and then he might have got into quite a different set, and taken quite another turn.

"Well, I'll begin to be more considerate, in future, about everybody I come across; and as it's always best to begin one's resolutions in the nearest future, and on the nearest person, I'll begin to-morrow morning on Denzil Alleyne himself."

And then a sudden inspiration seized him.

"The very thing!" he cried aloud. "Why did I not think of it before? How odd it should come into my mind at that moment!"

Robert Finlay had not yet enough experience to know that the knowledge of what we should do is seldom given us till we have first summoned the will to do what we can.

(To be continued.)

THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.



SINCE our last brief notice we have visited the Home, and seen what the girls and their governess have done for the bazaar. It was on the occasion of the annual meeting and the presentation of prizes by the Lady Mayoress. It was very interesting to see ten of the former pupils receive one guinea each for keeping their places as servants for one, two, or three years, and others a new cotton gown for shorter periods. Many prizes in the shape of books were also given to the present inmates of the Home. They had previously displayed their educational progress by recitations and examinations, creditable to all concerned. Still more interesting, if possible, was it to witness the joy of the absentees at returning for this one day, and, perhaps, a night, to the scenes of their schooldays, and to hear them declare that it was, indeed, a coming home. There was no mistaking their happiness, or their delighted reunion with former companions.

The articles already manufactured for the bazaar were displayed in the schoolroom, and what might have been a long stall was filled with knitted or crocheted petticoats, socks, caps, dolls'-clothes, and every imaginable woollen thing suitable for future sale. Besides this show, each girl stood with her own especial work before her, in the shape of underclothing, so well made that we recommend ladies who want to replenish their wardrobes to come to our bazaar, and there to purchase what the girls have wrought for the benefit of their Home. No machine work, but all done by those busy fingers, unaided by the feet. And how busy they must have been! For in addition to the bazaar-work, the eighty girls wore their new summer frocks and tidy aprons, all manufactured within those ancient precincts by the inmates. No wonder that poor Miss Corbett should have nearly lost the use of her hands from the labour of cutting out, to say nothing of her "lion's share" in the articles for sale at the bazaar.

The Lady Mayoress, having previously given each prize-winner good advice, examined and commended these various labours; after which the girls had the happiness of seeing her ladyship depart in her grand yellow coach drawn by four fine horses, and attended by coachman and footmen in yellow plush and rosettes. Doubtless they looked upon her as a fairy princess, and wished they might one day be Lady Mayoresses, as Whittington had been, once upon a time, Lord Mayor.

Meanwhile, they all had tea on the lawn, and danced on the green sward, or wandered about in pairs, or even quartettes, their arms round one another's waists in such loving fashion that one felt that Woodhouse was truly a harbour of refuge for these tempest-tossed barques. We saw six who had been received within the harbour bar during the last few months; and our "bazaar child" welcomed us with smiles, and thought "she should be very happy." She had already a shade of colour in her pale face—she had only been there a week—and told us, as we roamed about hand in hand, that she had secured a friend, to whom she introduced us.

Although it has nothing to do with the bazaar, we cannot resist recounting how that we accompanied the children and their friends

not long since to see our dear Queen, as she went to declare Epping Forest open to her people. How the girls enjoyed that drive of seven miles through the Forest, and the sights and sounds that filled earth and air that day. How they wondered at the Christy Minstrels, and laughed at "Jack-in-the-green," and gazed at the string of carriages, omnibuses, carts, advertisement machines, equestrians and pedestrians that passed in unbroken stream beneath their vantage-ground on a high bank above the crowd! For had they not a plot of land to themselves, with "The Princess Louise Home" placarded in front? They were one of many schools that covered the high banks on either side of the road, and were complimented for their good behaviour.

It was a mighty shout that broke from those thousands of juvenile throats as their beloved Queen and her royal daughters approached, and a sure presage of future loyalty.

"I am sure I heard the Princess Louise say, 'There is Mrs. Talbot.' She pointed us out to the Queen," affirmed both children and elders.

Certain it is, that Her Majesty and our Princess turned especially towards our large group as the procession passed, and bowed and smiled with unmistakable pleasure. And oh! how we all loved them, and thanked God for such a Queen, and such a Royal Family.

But we must return to our bazaar, and tell what "our girls" have done for it during the past month, again promising that we write on this 25th day of May, what cannot be made public in the monthly part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER until the end of June or 1st of July. Thus the bazaar, arranged to take place at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, on June 21 and 22, will have been held when this meets the eye of the undermentioned kind contributors.

Space still forbids us to mention here the various gifts of work that reach the office daily. Miss Tidd acknowledges each kind contribution, however small, by letter, when it is accompanied by an address; and every donor may be assured of the gratitude of all the friends of the Home for the interest displayed by old and young. It behoves us, however, to specify two or three of our generous helpers, for reasons which will be patent to all. We quote from the letter of one, just to show the need of such an institution as ours. "A lady's maid" sends shawls of her own work, who "has herself known what it is to walk the streets without a home." A dear Scotch lassie makes a suggestion worthy of everyone's consideration. "It would be splendid," she writes, "if, by the proceeds of the bazaar, and help from other friends, we could not only fill 'The Princess Louise Home,' but leave enough over to begin another home, which might be called 'The Girl's Own Home.' Could not 'the girls' support a Home among themselves, by work and contributions?" A letter from India demands especial notice, since it comes direct from the Zenana Mission House at Bombay, and shows how that our sisters who are striving to convert the women in the zenanas are not unmindful of the tempted girls at home. This kind letter is from a young lady who has already sent one box of valuable Indian articles, and who announces that two others are on the way. May they reach us in time! They are to contain Indian pottery, Indian mats, &c., &c., and we thankfully insert the names of the donors, as "Mrs. I. P. Watson and Miss Crittall, through Miss G. Spencer." We rejoice to record that the ladies committee formed at Exmouth, and mentioned in our April number, have, indeed, done us good service. They have had a bazaar in that town for the benefit of the Home, the proceeds of which have been sent to the Secretary. They amount to £26 13s. Two large boxes containing the surplus



articles have also been forwarded, which will, we hope, sell at the larger bazaar for as much again.

We have now only to return many grateful thanks to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the last month's instalment of "money and goods," and to assure them that we are bewildered by the multitudinous articles that fill the bandboxes, and which may with reason be summed up as "too numerous to mention." As usual, we append a list of the donors of money, and hope to continue to give details even after the bazaar has actually taken place. May it prove what so many kind correspondents hope it will—"a success."

Alma, 6d.; Emma Swansbury, 1s.; A Servant Girl, 1s.; A. B., 1s.; Mistress Priscilla, 6d.; Miss Spencer, 2s.; Henry Cordwell, 5s.; Miss Carr Nuttall, 1s.; Saltcoats Lassie, 1s.; Annie, 1s. 4d.; Toby, 1s.; Christina, 1s.; C. M. D., 2s.; A Reader "G.O.P.," 2s. 6d.; A. M. S., 2s.; G. W., 5s.; Jessie Brown, 2s.; Catherine Cordy, 1s.; A Reader "G.O.P.," 1s.; Cynthia, 5s.; Biney, 1s. 6d.; Miss Balfour, 10s.; Dippenhall, 1s. 9d.; Edelweiss, 1s. 6d.; Jumbo and Alice, 1s. 6d.; Waste Paper, 4s. 6d.; M. B. Soham, 1s.; Suselle, 2s.; E. S. B., 1s.; A. and E. Horsfall, 5s.; Every Little Helps, 5s.; Miss Mary Parr, 3s.; Rob Roy, 6d.; A Few School-girls, 2s. 6d.; P. M. H., 2s. 6d.; E. S. R., 5s.; Miss Barker, 5s.; Florence, 2s.; Someone, 5s.; Reader "G.O.P.," 1s.; C. J. S. Stourbridge, 2s.; M. Ellis, 2s.; Sympathy, 10d.; Daisy, 5s.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE FRIENDLY DOG.

A FRIEND of mine has a dog, Xit by name, which prefers the ease and comfort of the hearthrug to promenading the streets, so he never will on any account accompany his mistress in her walks. However, last summer while on a visit to the seaside, Xit altered his habits, for he became acquainted with another dog who regularly called every morning and took his new friend for a walk. The dogs were absent two or three hours, and when they returned, the stranger left Xit at the door, and did not come back again for the rest of the day.

KINDNESS OF A DOG.

A LARGE retriever finding a set of small puppies in the stableyard trying unsuccessfully to bite up a hard dog biscuit, quietly walked up to them and coolly took it away. He then lay down, stretched himself out, and bit the biscuit up into little pieces without eating any himself; then he waited, watching the puppies, while he looked on with satisfaction at his work and pushed the pieces towards them with his paw, as if to attract their attention.

A SOCIAL DRAKE.

A LADY was walking round a farmyard with the owner, and was amused to notice that a remarkably fine drake came from amongst the rest of the poultry and waddled by her side. When she stopped, it stopped, and if she

walked a little more quickly, it increased its speed to keep up with her, if possible.

Struck with the creature's friendliness, the lady stooped to stroke its back, when it showed its pleasure by pushing its glossy head under her hand. She then lifted it in her arms, where it nestled as a pet kitten might have done, evidently delighted to receive her caresses. The farmer then informed her that the bird was a pet, belonging to his little girls, who were twins. It was accustomed to follow them wherever they went about the farm, and to accompany them in their walks when practicable, the children often carrying their pet in turns if they thought it was getting tired.



TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE DRESS.

The little girls were in the habit of riding to school on a stout pony, with a saddle specially contrived for the two to ride at the same time. The farm was an outlying one, and the nearest good school was at too great a distance to permit of their walking, and as they were the only children, the parents could not bear to send them entirely away from home. They were fearless little horsewomen, having been accustomed to the saddle from the time they could steady themselves on it.

When the girls returned home in the evening, and the sound of the pony's hoofs was heard on the gravel, the drake would run to meet them, and manifest the greatest delight at seeing them again.

Another curious fact was, that whilst the bird not only received with pleasure the caresses of all ladies, and even solicited them, it manifested a decided objection to being petted by any individual of the other sex, except the father of its young mistresses.

UNITY IS STRENGTH.

I WAS one day attracted by the sound of scratching at a door which opened from some cellar steps, and by seeing the black paw of a favourite cat protruded through a very small aperture. The door was just sufficiently open to allow of pussy's paw being passed through the space; but it stuck a little, and in spite of her efforts she remained a prisoner. After several vain attempts she paused for a moment, then gave the peculiar cry which cats use to summon their young ones.

Pussy's kitten, a nearly full-grown one, heard the call and ran to her mother's assistance. She understood the state of affairs at once, and inserting her paw from the outside, the mother resumed her efforts from within, and the two together succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to liberate the captive.

A simple illustration of the manner in which animals communicate their wants to each other, and unite with the same object in view.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

THE beauty of the weather gives us all hopes of a brighter and more sunny summer than we have had for some years, and consequently we are doing more to prepare for it than we usually do, for long and painful experience has taught us with Lowell, the American poet, that our "Mays are more like mayn'ts," and amongst the things we may not do is to wear thin gowns in May. Indeed, we may scarcely look at them in June, and July and August may prove positively forbidding, as in the case of last year. Still, last summer we revelled in the pink gingham dresses, and rejoiced in their pretty pinks and blues, which had so long been banished from our catalogue of wearable colours. This year the pink ones will probably be worn as much as ever, and so those of our readers who have them in their wardrobes need not scruple to wear them again. This year they are made with four flounces, or with two deep *bouillonnés*, each measuring half a yard in width, the skirt being finished by a narrow

box-pleated frilling round the edge. The *bouillonnés* or putings are gathered at the top, and are moderately but not too full.

In Paris both linens and cottons, like foulards and sateens, are made up with bands of velvet or velveteen, as well as skirts or sometimes bodices of the same. This is supposed to render them more fit for town wear. The velvet is easily taken off when the dress requires cleaning, which it should not do more than once in the season. Last year I think I gave my opinion on this especial point more than once, and pointed out to my girl readers how much can be done in the way of keeping these pretty washing-dresses clean—by wearing aprons, and having them carefully ironed out whenever they became tumbled. A damp cloth laid over any particularly creased spot will help the iron to smooth it perfectly. The cloth must not be too wet, or it might cause the colours to run. If trimmed with lace, the lace may be taken off and washed when

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divine when unmillinered, and detest unsightly protuberances."

In our monthly illustration the reading figure gives a fair idea of the method of making-up thin fabrics—grenadine, muslin, or even sateen—in vogue at present. The bodice is gathered and pointed, the skirt flounced, and the paniers looped, curtain-like, over the front. The figure on the ladder has adopted an æsthetic costume, which is pretty and graceful enough to please anyone, and neither extravagant nor *outré*. It may be carried out in any material, light alpaca or cashmere being very suitable. The bordering used may be embroidered in silk or crewels, and the small *aumônière* bag may be also the work of industrious fingers. The chemisette is made of mull-muslin.

The standing figure wears one of the new plain skirts with a frill at the edge, a deep ordinary *basque* bodice, and a striped scarf arranged over it. Long "mousquetaire" gloves are worn with it, and hat with the new pointed crown. The sweet twelve-year-old who sits at her ease on the flowery grass is sensibly attired in a Jersey over a serge skirt. She is ready for any event, from boating to lawn tennis.

But a much more serious topic awaits me, to which I must hasten on, and that is the subject of the illustration of the "Sweet Girl Graduates," which portrays three out of the eleven ladies upon whom degrees were conferred at the London University on May 10th, 1882, nine of them being graduates in arts and two in science. The subject of the hood and gown has been discussed in intellectual circles for some time past, but so slow has been the action in our midst that New Zealand took the precedence of us, and more than a year ago not only accepted the position claimed by the ladies, but at Christ Church the Chancellor of the University himself invested the candidates with their hoods in public, with the warmest compliments on their diligence and conduct.

The young ladies entered the Senate House at Burlington House last May in a body, with heads uncovered and gloved hands carrying the square college cap, robed in the flowing black silk gown yclept "the appropriate Academical costume," which they wore over black short walking dresses of simple make and style.

The London hood for a graduate in arts is of black silk lined with russet brown, and that for science is of the same material and form, with a lining of golden yellow of a bright hue. Those of our readers who desire a full description will find it in an article called "University Hoods and How to Make Them," at page 554, vol. i. I hear that the hoods worn on the occasion of which I write were all made by their fair wearers, who were determined to show themselves at home in the employment of those implements long supposed to be peculiarly dedicated to the use of women, but with which, it seems, the other sex is now to be armed as well.



THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.



NE of the last graceful acts of the Princess Louise before she left England for Canada was to obtain the kind permission of the Duke of Wellington to use his Grace's riding school for our bazaar. It is an immense place, and difficult to fill, but warm hearts and ready hands accomplish wonders, and it was soon surrounded by pretty stalls draped in pink and white, overhung with many flags, and furnished down its centre with a gipsy tent, a flower stand, a platform for the band, a huge "shoe," and a refreshment stall. And the upholsterers of the Princess Louise, all for "love of her sweet self," worked at this gratuitously.

It took us a day and a half to arrange the stalls, which were barely completed when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress arrived. His lordship made a kind and appreciative speech, and her ladyship declared the bazaar opened, after which the latter and her friends went from stall to stall and made many purchases. We were proud to sell her from our own particular "Girl's Own Paper" stall a cup of German ware, inscribed with the suitable word "*Willkommen*," and containing a "red, red rose."

Several stalls were appropriated to the innumerable contributions sent by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and they were very attractive. It would be impossible to describe them minutely, as they held every sort of work, from costly embroidery to the humble "pin-cushion" mentioned in our first appeal. But the grateful thanks of the inmates of the Home floated about them, and all the visitors were interested to see what "our girls" at home and abroad had wrought for their poorer sisters. These stalls were surmounted by the words, "Girl's Own Paper," and were presided over by ladies interested in that periodical, or contributing to it. Its Editor was also present, looking after the work of his "girls," and even aiding in its sale. Amongst these stalls was one filled with books and drawings. The former were mainly contributed by their kind authors and by our Editor, and those which contained the autographs of the writers—such as "Mrs. Henry Wood," or "Lady Brassey"—highly delighted their purchasers.

Opposite these receptacles for our especial work were the "Flower," the "Home," and the "Charity" stalls. The first of these was well supplied with floral merchandise and energetic juvenile saleswomen. Even at the last moment, just as the bazaar was declared open, arrived a hamper filled with bouquets of exquisite field flowers, sent by readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; the ladies of the "Flower Mission" of Newport, Isle of Wight.

And surely no one could pass by, without a throb of pleasure, "The Princess Louise Home" stall, the contents of which were wholly made by the girls and their teachers; and where stood to sell Mrs. Talbot, the matron, and widow of him who founded the Home between forty and fifty years ago. It was wonderful to think that those eighty busy pairs of hands had manufactured those multitudinous garments. And not less touching

was the Charity stall, also filled by "our readers," with garments suitable for the poor.

We have thus far been working upwards, and in so doing have entered last upon what may be considered the costliest portion of the bazaar. Here the ladies kindly furnished their own stalls. Their names have already appeared in this magazine, therefore we need not repeat them.

We must, however, note the fact that our far-away Princess Louise was represented at the topmost stall by Lady Frances Balfour and Lady Constance Campbell. "Rich and rare" were the contents of this, as well as of the neighbouring and opposite stalls, but perhaps such of our young readers as were not present would be most interested in the Indian stall, because seated near it was a genuine Ayah, with jewelled nose and ears, and flowing oriental garments; and presiding at it was a lady picturesquely dressed, whose little girl, in mob cap and antique costume, was "The old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do." This charming child sat in the big shoe, round which were hung dozens of dolls, and she got rid of her children as fast as any one would buy them. We may add that many of these inanimate infants were presented by readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The refreshment stall, with the Countess of Galloway as its presiding genius, had also, we fancy, a contingent of helpers from our particular staff.

We need scarcely say that the said "helpers," old and young, male and female, did their very best, and hawked their wares or sang their praises persistently for two whole days, while the band played, or, in the evening, musical friends performed, both vocally and instrumentally. Further to enliven the scene, a lady, dressed as a gipsy in embroidered garments and golden ornaments, paraded the bazaar or sat beneath her tent, telling the fortunes of the inquisitive; and youths and maidens sold bouquets and buttonholes with untiring zeal. Mr. Gillham, the Secretary, and our friend Miss Grace Tidd were here, there, and everywhere, bearing bravely "the burden and heat of the day," as they had borne the same for several previous months. Indeed, everyone worked with a will, and spared neither time nor strength *pour faire valoir son marchandise*, and we all enjoyed ourselves.

We cannot, at this moment, give the actual money result of the bazaar; but we were informed that all expenses connected with it were cleared the first day, and that numbers of people were, by its agency, made acquainted with the existence of "The National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," of which they had previously known nothing. We do not expect to clear a large sum, because bazaars have been "legion," and more than one of importance was actually held the same day as ours, while that for the distressed Irish ladies preceded it by a few days. But "Live and let live" is our motto, and we rejoice in the success of all. But a considerable amount of what the Secretary calls "property" remains unsold. Thus "our girls" are likely to hear of us again, since we shall not rest until all their kind and valuable contributions are turned into money. Already one good lady has offered her house in the country for a sale of a portion of the surplus work, and promised to invite all her friends to buy. Doubtless others will do likewise. We hear of boxes and parcels ready but still unsent which we think we can promise to utilise to the satisfaction of the generous donors and the further benefit of the Home.

As we write, the accounts of last month are brought in. We subjoin, as usual, the list of money donations. The box of letters alarms us. We begin by counting the documents,

and find that they number nearly 600! Many of these arrived while the bazaar was in progress, but we understand that Miss Tidd has answered them all. She deserves a vote of thanks as well as the kind writers of the letters and the donors of the contributions they announce. We read, or at least glance through them all, and are amazed to find that they come from readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER living, apparently, in all parts of the habitable globe. We have communications from Canada, South Africa, Barbadoes, Lisbon, Jamaica, Constantinople, Hungary (this written by a native), Jersey, Isle of Man, and Rome. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are thus represented. Great Britain and Ireland naturally contribute the maximum. Every English county appears to send its quota. "Charity never faileth." Again we are asked how the girls can benefit the Home when the bazaar is over, and this will be a matter for consideration. Again, also, we have to acknowledge touching gifts from several servants, and cannot resist chronicling that "A Footman" has not been above making an antimacassar. Many children have sent their mites; invalids have worked for us on their couches; ladies from eighty to ninety years of age have not been idle; heads of schools and their pupils have contributed largely. Here are two "In Memoriams," one "Thankoffering," and a "Thanksgiving for a prayer answered." Here is the announcement that a poor, bed-ridden woman sends two mats. Another communication informs us that a lady's Sunday-school class have all liberally responded to the appeal, and she forwards a box containing their work. In short, what is there not in these 565 missives? If, in the hurry and excitement of the past week, any letter should have been unanswered or gift unacknowledged, will the kind writer or donor pardon the omission? This account is made up to the 28th of June.

It now only remains to us to offer our warm and grateful thanks to all, "individually and collectively," who have so liberally and unselfishly answered our "humble appeal," and to add that we feel assured that the prayers and good wishes which accompanied so many of the gifts are registered above, as well as in the hearts of everyone connected with the Princess Louise Home.

Helen, 1s.; M. C., 5s.; Fred's Lucy, 1s.; Wild Rose, 2s. 6d.; "Two Kym's," 1s. 6d.; L. E. H., 2s. 6d.; An Interested Reader, 2s. 6d.; Constantia, 1s.; Agnes Rowe, 3s.; Grace Pickering, 2s. 6d.; H. J. H., 1s. 6d.; Amy Holt, 2s.; Flo Stacey, 1s.; A Mother and Two Sisters, 2s.; Daisy Wreath, 1s.; Blackbird, 2s.; Mousie, 2s. 6d.; Rosa Shoo-bridge, 1s. 8s. 6d.; Elizabeth Symes, 3s.; Margery, 2s. 6d.; Ethel Gambling, 2s. 6d.; T. C., M. A. C., and H. G. C., 2s. 6d.; Two Gloucestershire Doves, 1s. 6d.; Anon (with work), 6d.; Alice and Nelly, 1s.; S. J. A., 4s.; Thankoffering, 1s.; Winifred W., 2s. 6d.; G. and M. Heron, 2s.; Pattie, 1s.; A Working Girl, 3s.; Nellie Fraser, 1s.; A Well-wisher, 1s.; E. A. C., 1s.; First-class girls of Spring Church Sunday School, per Jane Genny, teacher, 1s. 10s. 6d.; M. E. P., 1s.; A Friend, 3s. 6d.; Miss Johns, 1s.; Miss Frances, 1s.; Rosabella, 1s. 6d.; R. J. E. H. F. K. C. L., 3s.; E. Standen, 2s.; Miss Hicks, 6d.; C. E. T., 1s.; M. E. P., 5s.; "Ever Onward," 3s.; Mabel Evans, 1s.; An Elder Sister, 5s.; M. A. H., 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s.; Miss Matthewman, 3s.; Mary Hayward, 1s.; Miss Standen, 2s.; Mary Webb, 5s.; Miss Thornely, 1s. 6d.; Annie Morris, 2s. 6d.; E. and A. Armitstead, 3s.; Henrietta Tinker, 5s.; M. R., 1s.; White Violet, 6d.; A Wesleyan, 2s. 6d.; Ivy, 2s. 6d.; Will's Darling, 1s.; Miss Somes, 2s. 6d.; A General Servant, 6d.; Lizzie, 2s. 6d.; D. A. C., 2s. 6d.; Beatrice Howe, 2s.; A. S.,

1s.; S. A. B., 4s. 6d.; Maud Mannsell, 1s.; E. and K., 5s.; M. E. T., 3d.; Sincere Well-wisher, 4d.; Emmeline Dennis, 10s.; A. W., 7s. 6d.; Annie Barker, 4s.; Nina, 3s.; H. G., 1s.; Dot, 6d.; Miss Neville, 2s. 6d.; N. and E. Barling, 2s.; Miss Sugden, Pennies collected in a Work-room, 1s. 8d.; Miss Huntley, collected, 1s. 10s.; Jucus, 2s. 6d.; "Ever Onward," 4s.; Aram, 1s.; A Friend and Well-wisher, 2s.; Miss Neal, Miss Scorey, and Mrs. Edwards, 3s.; Louisa, 2s.; An Interested One, 1s.; An Orphan, 1s.; Rugby, 1s. 6d.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Girl's Own Paper," 2s. 6d.; E. S., 3d.; A Little Friend, 1d.; Buttercup, 6d.; L. C., 6d.; S. J. S., 6d.; Jumbo, 2d.; Ernestine Cambier, 1s.; F. S., 1s.; Ellen Nominton, 2s.; Miss Jago, 2s.; E. L. T., 6s.; F. M. B., 1s.; Emma Culver, 1s.; Beryl and Coral, 1s.; N. E. B., 1s.; Sabina Thurbly, 4s.; A. S., 6d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; A Band of Busy Bees, 10s.; E. W. A., 5s.; K. C., 3s.; E. C., 3s.; "G. O. P." Girl, 1s.; E. Morris, 3s.; Daisy, 1s.; Grace and Edith Bradshaw, 5s.; A. M., 9d.; M. A. P., a Mother, 1s. 6d.; Annie Cole, 1s. 9d.; M. F. R. and E. G. R., 2s.; S. J. S., 5s.; A Little Reader "G. O. P.," 6d.; Sarah Hall, 6s.; A. S., 5s.; Flo McConnell, 5s.; F. M. Townsend, 6d.; L. O., 5s.; Miss Hayden, 6s. 6d.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; An Irish Girl, 10s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 2s. 6d.; Agnes A. Steer, 10s.; Lilly, 2s.; A. Fothergill, 1s.; L. and Gwennie, 1s.; Grace Maxted, 6s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; A Well-wisher, 1s.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Sing Again. Serenade. (Berceuse.) With the original French words by Victor Hugo, also with English words, written by Olive Meredith. Music by Charles Gounod.—Those of our young friends who are not French scholars will be glad to find they can enjoy Gounod's charming and beautiful serenade with English words. The writer has been most happy in the adaptation of her poetry to this lovely melody, music and words fitting admirably together. It is far superior to any translation we have seen. It is also of easy compass—from C to G.

Only in Play. Words by Lewis Macdonald. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A very pretty and melodious song; music and words well adapted. The childish love between "the little shy maiden" and the "fair-haired boy" becomes matured by years, and when asked by her lover "to go with him over the sea," laments that her coy refusal is construed literally—

"Oh, 'twas only in play that I whispered
Those words which brought sorrow to me."

Love Lingers Yet. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by F. W. Bamfylde.—This song requires much pathos and feeling. The accompaniment is above the average, at the same time not difficult. It is written in the key of G.

The Proud Lady! Words by Hugh Conway. Music by F. W. Bamfylde.—The style and character good, suggesting a wholesome lesson. The music and words are well matched.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

As Long as Life Shall Last. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Eugénie Mackay.—The words and music are smooth and flowing. The accompaniment light and easy, and the compass moderate. A song that is easily learnt—unpretentious and pleasing.

S. SPRAGUE.

A Last Good-Night. Composed by Walter

Wesché. Words by Emily Leith.—The style is uncommon and exceedingly pleasing. Both words and music speak the sentiment of the song, which is one the more it is heard the more will it be liked. The accompaniment is very sweet, and the ending soothing and good. It is dedicated to and sung by Mrs. Osgood, whose rendering would not only do justice to the composition, but prove its merit.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

C. JEFFREYS.

Gavotte in C sharp minor. By Annie Florence Judd.—A bright, crisp gavotte, nicely marked in style and time, adapted for a brilliant and clear touch, but not difficult. A mistake has been left in printing in the second bar after the change of key into three sharps. The F in the last chord should be returned to its original place after the accidental on the preceding chord. We can recommend this pleasing short piece by Annie Florence Judd to the special notice of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE AFFECTION OF COWS.

MANY young ladies are terribly afraid of cows, and should they see them coming in the distance will run out of their way to a place of security, as if they were so many wild beasts. Now if they knew what gentle and affectionate animals cows generally are, they would not be afraid to pass them anywhere.

There are at the present time, not forty miles from London, some cows which feed in a meadow with some young cattle. The meadow, which is triangular, is skirted on two sides by roads; the gate being at the angle where the roads meet. Twice a day the cows are fetched away from the other cattle, to be milked. When they leave the field and pass along the road, the young cattle (which are not little calves, but almost full grown cows and bullocks) place themselves along the hedge, on the inside, at intervals where there are gaps, and every cow as she walks along the road outside goes up to them, one by one, presses her lips to theirs very like a kiss, and appears to whisper in their ears an affectionate farewell; as if she said, "Good-bye, dears; be good boys and girls until we return." The cows do not loiter, but pass along the road, and their kind drover does not attempt to interrupt them in this very pleasing habit. It is an attractive and pretty picture to any thoughtful spectator who may chance to be passing.

TAME RATS.

At a short distance from the cows lives an old man who follows the profession of a rat-catcher. He is never so proud as when showing the rats he has tamed, and which he declares to be "one of the wonders of the world." His faithful dog accompanies him. This animal is, or has doubtless been in his younger days, a veritable ratcatcher and a terror to all the rat tribe when set upon them; but he treats his master's tame rats as tenderly as if they were babies, three of whom may often be seen riding on his back. The dog is perfectly quiet and most careful not to let them fall off. But the most extraordinary circumstance of all is the affection between the rats and the old ratcatcher—who, stooping down towards the dog, opens the bosom of his shirt, when the three rats, in turn, crawl off the dog's back on to the old man's bare breast. He then buttons his shirt over them and so carries them home.

never come to him for help, even if he would give it, after the slighting way in which he had spoken of my wife, and then we went off to Australia."

"And you never wrote once, and we did not know where to write to you. How many a cry I have had over it! To lose my only brother in that way was such pain, for you know how I always loved you, James. You always came next to my father."

"Little enough I deserved your love," he said, sadly, as he drew her closer to him, "though I carried away the remembrance of my little sister with me, and I have always felt she would be the first to forgive her worthless brother. And now I want you to plead my cause with our father."

"It was not kind of you to behave as you did."

"It was inexcusable—wholly unpardonable and unjustifiable—I know I quite deserve to be cast off by you all."

Hattie's caressing gesture showed that she at least had no thoughts of casting him off.

"My pride and temper took such possession of me at that time," he went on, "that I seemed to be blinded to all sense of right. But I am come back to you a very different man. Sorrow and trial and sickness and loneliness have done their work upon me, and though a broken down fellow, with ruined prospects and shattered health, I am a happier because, I trust, a humbler and a better man than when I quitted the walls of the old home. I sometimes doubt whether I shall live much longer, and I have come back in hopes of effecting a reconciliation with the father and committing my little boy to your care. Hattie, will you be a mother to him? He lost his own mother two years ago. You know you were my favourite sister in the bygone days, and I would rather entrust him to you than to anybody."

Hattie could scarcely reply. Her heart was too full for speech. Had she recovered this dearly loved and only brother—who was almost as one come back from the dead—only to lose him as soon as found? But at length in a choked voice she replied—

"It will be one of the greatest delights I can have to undertake the charge of your child. I am so fond of children, and *your* little boy will be very dear to me."

Then James had many inquiries to make respecting his father and Agnes, and Hattie had to relate all about the former's illness and the latter's marriage. Then she had many questions to ask about her little nephew, who had been left sound asleep at the hotel, tired out with his journey; and before all these could be answered, her quick ear detected Mr. Warlow's step coming up the drive.

"There is father! I must go and break the news to him gently, for he must not be agitated. You will wait quietly meantime, will you not, James?"

"Yes, I will wait; but don't leave me in suspense longer than you can help."

"James, dear, you wrong our father to doubt his forgiveness," she said, with gentle reproach. "At least, it shows you don't know him as I do. Whatever indignation and disappointment he may have felt in those bygone days, I know his heart has often yearned over his only son, for Agnes and I, finding the mention of your name always brought a look of such deep pain into his face, at length agreed not to speak of you before him. But there he is, I must go to him."

The sun had set behind a golden bank of clouds, but the happy trio at the Hollies, scarcely noticing how time was passing, sat on in the deepening twilight in the pleasant drawing-room. Mr. Warlow was looking a younger man by many years than he had done an hour ago; certain lines which had come into his face eight years before seeming to

have been suddenly smoothed out by this new joy; whilst Hattie felt she could not yet realise the unexpected happiness that had come into her life: it all seemed so like a dream.

She was longing to clasp the little unknown nephew in her arms, and wanted to fetch him then and there to the Hollies; but his father decided that it would be best to let him have his sleep out quietly that night, and so it was settled that they should both come over to breakfast in the morning, and henceforth take up their abode at the Hollies.

"And you will see what my good nursing will do for you," said Hattie, as she walked beside her brother down the drive when he was leaving. "We must put you into the hands of our clever doctor, and your native air and, above all, my care," she added archly, "will do wonders for you, I know."

"I feel a different man already," he replied cheerfully. "A great load has been lifted off my mind, and happiness often does more than physic to restore one to health. At any rate, my poor little Walter will be in good hands; and I trust he will never grieve and wound those who love him as I have done. He must try and make up to his grandfather for all the pain his father has caused him. Though indeed I trust, if God will, that I myself may live to be his comfort and prop in his declining years and help you in watching over him."

"Oh, how happy we shall all be together!" cried Hattie, with beaming eyes. "And Walter must be my little pupil. I am so fond of teaching, and now I shall have an opportunity of bringing into use my favourite mathematics and Latin and Greek. I shall do my best to inspire him with a love of study, and shall look forward to seeing him senior wrangler some day," she added, with a little laugh at herself for letting her imagination run on so fast.

[THE END.]

OUR GIRLS AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.



As many kind contributions have been sent to the Princess Louise Home by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER since the bazaar, we again come forward gratefully to acknowledge them. Should the interest in this good work continue, we have permission from the Editor to publish the result; and thus we hope, from time to time, to give "our girls" encouragement in well-doing. For it is encouraging to have our labours crowned with success; and offshoots of the bazaar-tree are continually springing up. One of these we have lately again had the privilege of transplanting to the home. Thus we have now two seedlings growing up in this garden of flowers, once so wild, now, we will hope, being "Trained in the nurture

and admonition of the Lord." The last was uprooted from a strange wilderness—a girl of twelve, living with father and brothers in an old railway-van, in or near a small country town, and mercifully rescued by Christian charity. A kind gentleman residing in the same locality, and going to London on business, made inquiries concerning a suitable refuge for this poor child, and was told of the Princess Louise Home. Returning to his own house, he found that his young daughter knew all about this national society for the protection of young girls, for she was an earnest reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. So they and their good neighbours set to work and collected £20 as a donation, and, after certain preliminaries, we had the happiness of recommending their candidate as a free inmate of Woodhouse. We shall hope to make her acquaintance there some one of these fine days, and will not fail to introduce her to our readers, permission being obtained.

The said readers will like to know that there is a prospect of the gradual sale of the overplus of their work sent to the bazaar. As none of it was undersold on that occasion, so its value has been since kept up. Their friend Miss Tidd has disposed of many articles privately, and Mrs. Belfit and the Misses Corfield, patronesses and stallholders, have each sold to the amount of £6 and £4. It is only right to add to this that Mrs. Russen, a third kind helper, caused to be removed from the Riding School, free of expense, all the goods that remained after the bazaar, having previously had them similarly conveyed thither. Mrs. Murton, of Anerley, and her daughters have had a sale of a portion of the work in their dining-room. Miss Tidd took the articles down and helped to dispose of them, and £43 11s. 3d. was realised. All concerned are truly grateful. We have to thank Emily Louise Tench for £1, part of the fruit of a little bazaar held by herself and sister in their garden. As she is a pupil-teacher of fourteen years of age, and her sister eleven, we would bid them God speed.

We wish our dear girls to believe that none of their contributions shall be wasted, but that all will benefit their less fortunate sisters. And it is in contemplation to dispose of what still remains at another "sale of work" to be held, D.V., at Christmas.

We have again to thank them for the under-mentioned kind contributions received since our last "Report," and to assure them that Miss Tidd hopes to utilise them all, and is still working hard at "54, New Broad Street."

Fan, 5s.; M. E. Craig, 5s.; Sunshine, 4s.; Sale of work of a few schoolgirls per A. J. Brooks, Hob-hill School, Stalybridge, 5s.; H. Bell, 1s.; Geranium, 1s.; E. C. S. and C. L. S., 2s.; B. Soper, collected, 2s.; Marget, 1s.; Nannie, 1s.; Pollie, 1s.; Gerty, 6d.; S. B., 1s.; Nelly, 1s.; Master Davison, 6d.; K. C., 1s.; Evangeline, 1s.; One of the Girls, 2s.; B. Clews, 5s.; Grace, 6d.; Kentish Girl, 1s.; Mabel and Florry, 2s.; Cowslip, 10s.; Ethel Roberts, 2s.; M. W., 1s. 6d.; Henry Cordwell, 5s.; A Reader "G. O. P.," 2s.; L. M. R., 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Ada Brown, collected, 15s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; Misses Scott, 3s.; Hilda (Malta), 2s.; Adeline Speedwell, 4s.; E. P., 2s.; Nellie Burghhead, 1s. 3d.; Lizzie P., 10d.; Mary Turnbull, 1s. 6d.

Since the above account was written the following letter has been received by Mr. Gillham, the Secretary:—

"DEAR SIR,—I will give £500 to the Princess Louise Home if you will get two other five hundreds, in any sums, within two months, to be invested.—Yours truly,

"R. BARLOW KENNETT,
"Petersfield, Hants."

Who can and will help?

All his own property had gone, and all Laura's fortune had vanished also; for, as she was under age, he, as her trustee, had risked her portion in those schemes that had brought nothing but disappointment.

When the house and furniture were sold and the creditors paid, the girl was absolutely penniless.

Blanche and Agnes had escaped, for they had become of age ere their father's fatal mania developed itself.

It was the sense of this injustice to his favourite daughter that had embittered Mr. Leigh's latter days. In his attempt to double her portion, to make her a great heiress, he had sacrificed her all.

Society made this sad affair a nine days' talk.

Some pitied Laura Leigh very much, others said they had long ago suspected there was something wrong somewhere, and that they knew there would be a crash some of these days: "The Leighs gave themselves such airs, and set themselves above everybody else so much, they deserved a fall."

Eustace Montague heard the news first of all at his club. He was reading a newspaper, in which he saw a notice of Mr. Leigh's death, and some of his brother officers were talking the matter over, and telling of the sad state of ruin in which his affairs had been left.

"Hush, hush! Speak lower. Don't you know Montague is going to marry one of the daughters?" warned Lieutenant Aldis, a young man who had some regard for the feelings of others.

Eustace looked towards the speaker, with a smile on his lip. "Don't trouble yourself about me, Aldis. I heard what you said, but you are mistaken. I am *not* going to marry the daughter. There might have been truth in the report once, but not now. A fortunate escape for me! Lucky I broke off the affair, is it not?"

But though he spoke gaily, and began reading the parliamentary debates in the paper, as though he had banished the Leighs and their affairs from his thoughts, he did not quite succeed in his attempts.

For a long time afterwards Laura's sweet violet eyes and her fair thoughtful face, just as he had seen them last, haunted his memory, and he knew that never again should he meet one whom he might have loved so well.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME BAZAAR.

By ANNE BEALE.

OUR girls will be glad to hear that a sale of work, for the benefit of the Princess Louise Home, took place at Woodford, on the 29th of November and the two following days, at which the remainder of the gifts sent by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was displayed. So numerous, however, were the said generous contributions, that enough of them remain for yet another sale! You will all exclaim, "Well, there is no end to our Bazaar." Perhaps not, since good works always grow out of good works.

Woodford is a large and pretty village in Essex. Its houses straggle up a hill, and surround a delightful green, so that it may, with some truth, be called "country." It is not far from Wanstead, where is the Princess Louise Home, and stands on the outskirts of Farringham Forest. Our sale was held in a large and handsome hall, with stained glass windows, platform, and all the accessories needed for the display of work, books, and articles of virtue. These were tastefully arranged, and we all prided ourselves upon our various stalls. Some kind ladies from the neighbourhood presided at a portion of these, others came all the way from the suburbs of London, and our friends connected with the institution came from "Home" and "Office." But, oh! it was such weather! The opening day it rained from morning to night, and the closing one it was a persistent damp fog. Happily the middle day was fine.

In spite of obstacles, however, Mrs. Talbot, Miss Corbett, and all the girls came every day, and remained from two till nearly nine o'clock. You would have rejoiced to see the procession of neat girls that walked round the stalls to examine their contents, previously to seating themselves in a large, roomy gallery at the end of the hall, whence they could survey the scene. And your hearts would have been gladdened at the eager helpfulness of the "parlour-maids" or elder girls, who waited in the refreshment-room and on the stall-holders, helping to sell, or pack up parcels, or do anything that came in their way.

Our first "Bazaar child," was our attendant at the book stall, and she looked rosy and well; very different from the pale denizen of smoky London which she was when we made her acquaintance. She said she was very happy, and she looked so. She was certainly a capital saleswoman, and disposed of a great many "scraps" for albums, which the young visitors liked best to purchase. She said she enjoyed selling very much, and we thought what a neat-handed little shopgirl she would be, could she be so fortunate as to find an employer.

Our second "Bazaar child" also came to pay us a visit, and as the pair stood side by side, we felt very thankful for these happy results of our appeals in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and elsewhere. At the end of the bazaar we made them glad by presenting them each with a photograph in a straw frame, the work of one of our girls, which they greatly admired.

In spite of the weather, purchasers appeared, and so long as daylight lasted, at least, we drove a tolerably brisk trade. Many kind ladies from the neighbourhood came and purchased largely, some making a point of buying garments for their Christmas charities from Mrs. Talbot, Miss Tidd, or Miss Corbett's useful stalls. As most of these articles were made at the Home for the first bazaar, it must have been very pleasant for the girls to help to sell them. One good lady bought over seven pounds' worth, which quite raised Mrs. Talbot's spirits. Besides, it is so satisfactory to know that these very goods, the sale of which will help to support the Home, will be further utilised for clothing the poor.

As Woodford-green boasts of no gas-lamps, our evening customers were not numerous; and we were afraid that after all the enormous pains taken by the untiring secretaries, Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd, who "had all the work and none of the play," we should not do much more than cover our expenses.

"There is so much left!" said one desponding stall-holder.

"Enough for another bazaar," propounded a second.

"Then we will have another. I'll help!" cried a third.

"Let it be at Edmonton," suggested a young lady who lives at that place, rendered famous for ever by John Gilpin.

And before we broke up it was all but settled to hold a fourth sale of work, at Edmonton, during the Easter holidays, when we all devoutly hope every article manufactured or sent by the liberal readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may find a purchaser.

But our despondency was only temporary, for despite the rain and the fog we took over £100, and shall clear £90 when all expenses are paid. Dear girls, is not this an encouragement to good works? And you will be further encouraged by learning that your friend, the Editor, came one evening, after a long day's hard literary labour on your behalf, and purchased some handsome pieces of your handiwork. Indeed, your efforts for the good of your less fortunate sisters have been much blessed, and they will remember the Woodford sale with grateful satisfaction.

Between seventy and eighty of them wended their way back to Woodford Station through the fog on that third evening, and very cheery were their voices as they stood upon the platform and bade us good-night. We all got into the same train, but theirs was a short transit, and they were out again in no time, and trudging through the dirty roads, accompanied by matron and governess, on their way back to Woodhouse. We are told that nearly a score of the elder girls have lately been sent to service, so there will be room for others.

And now we have to "wind up our accounts." In the first place, everyone connected with the Home desires to thank all the kind helpers at the sale, as well as the contributors to it. Of the latter were several fresh ones, who sent work especially for "The Christmas Sale," and to whom grateful acknowledgments are due. The gifts of money which have been received since the November list was inserted are, as usual, appended. But, while thanking all donors, we would particularly mention the 11s. 8d. sent by the two little girls who kindly held "A Doll's Bazaar." They must have worked very hard to get it up, and to realise in halfpence and pence the sum aforesaid; to say nothing of composing a poetical appeal to induce their young friends to come and purchase.

It is also very satisfactory to learn from the letters that accompany the gifts, how thoroughly not only THE GIRLS, but their brothers and their elders, appreciate their OWN PAPER, and how they write of the substantial benefit they have derived from it.

Miss Tidd is still "open to contributions" at 54, New Broad-street, and all we have now to say to our well-beloved girls is, "Adieu, au revoir à Edmonton."

List of receipts up to Dec. 6th, 1882:—

Damaris, 2s. 6d.; E. A. P. (a widow), 2s.; "Grande Esperance," 2s. 6d.; E. P., 2s.; A Sympathiser, 5s.; "A Doll's Bazaar," held by Madge Marchant and Fanny Rylands, with poem, 11s. 8d.; E. Edwards, 5s.; One of Our Girls, 1s.; J. H. and M. B., 2s. 6d.; Nettie, 1s. 6d.; "An Invalid," 2s.; F. Eckington, 2s. 6d.; J. and L. Dew, 2s.; Mrs. Irvine, 11s.; Mrs. Shorter, 11s.; A Friend, Walsall, 2s.; Shirley, Twickenham, 5s.; Lorna, 1s. 4d.; Miss E. Delamere (per Miss Murton), 5s.; Miss C., of C. H. C., 11s.; Anon., Banbury, 7s. 6d.; Miss M. A. Vickers, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Trudie, 2s. 6d.; A Servant, 2s.



to have taken their place. The use of black lace at the neck and wrists seems increasing, and if not black, a lace to match the dress, or else cashmere lace of every hue is worn.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

As the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER continue to take a kindly interest in the inmates of the Princess Louise Home, they will like to hear a few more "results" of their labours in its behalf, and of what is being done by its secretaries for the benefit of friendless girls, both at home and abroad.

Quite lately Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd have offered to meet young unprotected girls arriving in London from any part of the world, and to do their best to see that they reach their destination safely. Already they have aided a girl from Holland, whose only idea of London appeared to be the Thames Wharf, and who was in danger of being entrapped by unscrupulous people. But Miss Tidd found her with much difficulty, and sent her safely to a situation that was awaiting her, but concerning the locality of which, in the country, she had no idea. A member of the Girls' Friendly Society, residing in Yorkshire, also asked assistance in procuring lodgings for an invalid girl near a hospital, which request was readily granted. The need of such supervision has long been felt, and we hope the Princess Louise Home and its friends may be the means of usefulness in all quarters of the globe, just as the Girls' Friendly Society proves to be, by securing a friend to its numerous members wherever they may be placed. "Helpful and helping one another" is just what each individual may be in his or her particular sphere.

When last we wrote we had two "bazaar children" in the Home; we have now four. We call them so because their admission was the result of the appeals in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and the funds contributed by its readers, either in coin or articles for the bazaar, and subsequent sales of work. The two last admitted were children, one of an invalid father, the other of a poor insane mother, and both are, we hope, preserved from much danger and likely to be trained for respectable service. All our four protégées are doing well.

And we have not done with bazaars yet. The one contemplated at Easter did not take place, owing to adverse circumstances; but we still hope to hold it in October next, when the surplus work of our girls, together with such articles as they have since kindly contributed, will be again offered for sale to "the benevolent public." If it comes off they shall be duly apprised of its result. It is truly gratifying to all connected with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to find, by the many letters addressed to Miss Tidd concerning the Home, how much that periodical is appreciated. A small mass of correspondence now before us testifies to this fact; and also to the desire of the writers to aid in such good works as it advocates. Old and young equally contribute. Some months back, a lady who is at the head of an educational establishment took twenty of her pupils to see the Home—all readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; and they gave the inmates a musical entertainment, which delighted them greatly. But it would be difficult to say whether entertainers or entertained had the most pleasure; for all were regaled with a fine feast of tea, buns, cake, and the like, and were heard to exclaim, "I never enjoyed anything like this in all my life!" This is another

proof, if one were wanted, of the enjoyment always derived from pleasure given to others. It would be impossible to estimate the good that has ensued from our bazaar, not only to the Home, but to those who have helped it by individual effort. One of our benevolent young readers has been the means of inducing all the Woodhouse girls to join the Children's Humane Society, and has thus aided in inculcating the law of kindness to animals. If each of these new members can manage to gain another, the good cause will spread imperceptibly, but surely, through the instrumentality of her who first stirred up the sympathies of the inmates of the Princess Louise Home. No one can tell the consequences of one action, whether good or bad; therefore it behoves all to be careful in their conduct, so that they may, by example as well as action, preach their little daily sermon in their home pulpit.

While we write much excitement prevails at Woodhouse, and is felt from matron to the youngest pupil. This is caused by preparations in the shape of best clothes, and laying in of provisions, preparatory to the summer excursion to Harwich. Since the last "outing," the governess, Miss Corbett, has married, and her place has been filled by another, so changes are perpetually occurring everywhere. She was a great favourite, and herself a Woodhouse girl, as was mentioned in some former paper. Her history is encouraging to all who desire, as the Church Catechism says, "to do their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them."

Now we must thank all those who have helped us, both in the names of the Woodhouse girls, and of all connected with the institution. The following list of donations is up to July 21st, and Miss Tidd has also received, at 54, New Broad-street, several parcels of small articles for the forthcoming bazaar.

N.B.—It is New Broad-street, E.C.; not New Bond-street, W.

Nettie, 1s. 6d.; Reader of G. O. P., 10s.; Marshall, 5s.; Pupils of Miss Mary F. Stewart, 10s.; Collected by Miss K. Poole, 3s. 1d.; Two Well-wishers, 10s.; E. B. E., 1s.; Per Miss Anne Beale, 4s.; Jersey Girl, 1s.; Highland Lassie, 6d.; Ted Forfay, 2s.; Whiptop, 1s.; H. J. N., 1s. 2d.; Three Friends, 2s. 6d.; Willie, 1s.; Mrs. Hume, 12s.; Mrs. Holland, £1 and two oil-paintings.

THE SECRET OF HOME HAPPINESS AND WEALTH.

By MEDICUS.



MRS. JONES had been married about six months, and he was just as happy as the summer day was long—and the month being the rosy month of June, that, I think, is saying a good deal. Mr. Jones's home was always the very acme of cleanliness and tidiness, and the quintessence of comfort. Mrs. Jones was always as bright and cheerful as the birds that sang on the garden trees. Everybody confessed that these were facts which brooked no gainsaying. But nobody troubled his head or her head to find out why Jones was so happy and comfortable. Good-hearted people looked at the pair of them, as they went or returned arm in arm or hand in hand to church, and felt that the sight did them good; ill-natured people—and I am right sorry to say that there are still a few of these left alive in this beautiful world—ill-natured people tossed

their heads and probably smiled and said, "Ha! wait a little, their troubles are all to come yet!"

Well, I think I know one of the secrets of Mr. Jones's happiness, and it was this: Mr. Jones never had to hunt about for anything he wanted; he never missed a slipper nor a wrist-band button. Oh! I can assure you that had Mr. Jones's wrist-band buttons come both off, he could have sewed them both on again himself, without any other aid whatever. He had a wonderful little pocket-book sort of a thing, or rather I should say he *had* had it; it was something like a doctor's pocket-case and something like a fisherman's fly-book, but it wasn't either, for when you opened it and spread it out on the table in front of you, behold, it was filled with nicely-arranged skeins of different kinds of thread—I think skeins is the right word to use; there were also scissors there, and a lot of needles, and a bodkin—I believe you call it a bodkin, I mean a long steel thing, with a bigger eye than a darning needle, and a blunt point. The needles were all nice large-eyed ones, so that you could thread one quickly, without having to bite the thread, and twirl it, and wet the end of it, and shut one eye, and deform the whole of one side of your face, as you make frantic attempts to induce the thread to submit to the inevitable. There was also a thimble in this case, but Jones had never used that in the way ladies do, his plan was a more simple though probably less elegant one, for when he was about to mend a rent, he stood the thimble on the table in front of him, and at every stitch pressed the blunt head against the thimble, and the business end of it into the cloth, and through it went, far enough for Jones to lay hold of it on the other side, and draw the thread up.

I should have called the case a *multum in parvo*, or a "hold-all," or a "bachelor's guide to independence," Jones didn't. He called it a "housewife," which he pronounced "housif." He had not been married more than a week when one day he caught the sleeve of his coat on a nail and tore it.

"It doesn't matter much," Jones said to himself, or to the sparrows, there was no one else to hear. "It doesn't matter very much, I can soon put matters right."

So, lo and behold! when his wife, wondering why he was so quiet, went about half an hour after on tiptoe into the study, there was her husband seated before the table, with his "bachelor's guide to independence" in front of him, and the thimble in position, labouring away at the rent, and looking all over as serious as if he were making his will and had nothing to leave.

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked, "and what is this?"

"I'm mending an ugly rent, my love," replied Jones, looking up in her face, as she stood behind the chair. "And that is my 'housif.'"

Mrs. Jones laughed so merrily, that the birds on the lawn cocked their heads and listened, and then began to sing in chorus.

"It is my 'housif,'" added Jones; "my 'indispensable.'"

Then Mrs. Jones put her hand upon it, and took it softly away.

"I'm your little 'housif,'" she said, "and I mean to be your 'indispensable.'"

Reader, do you begin to perceive the reason why Jones was so happy? You do, but wait a moment.

Jones was something in the City, but his house was a pretty little suburban, or almost country, villa. One servant was all that was kept, and, indeed, one was all that was needed, for Mrs. Jones could do everything, and her husband was away most of the day. Now, there are many little cares and worries quite inseparable from even a suburban villa

"My property!" gasped Ida. "Have I been left a legacy?"

Lord Allturn clasped her hand, and with a silent pressure congratulated her.

"Yes, your property; you are an heiress, Ida. Your grandfather has left in trust for you, till you are twenty-one or married, the sum of twenty thousand pounds!"

Ida was speechless. She, the orphan, the poor governess, an heiress to twenty thousand pounds, and engaged to be married to Lord Allturn, the presumptive heir to an immense estate! It appeared incredible. She attempted to say something, but could not till Violet and Lily came, half shyly, to kiss and to congratulate her.

Nor was Lord Allturn behind hand in his felicitations. His respectful, tender words brought tears to the girl's eyes.

"It is a responsibility," replied the rector, smiling, "but I daresay you will find Lord Allturn willing to help you in its distribution."

"I could almost wish you had not received such a fortune," he said. "I won you without any idea of such a legacy appertaining to you, and now you are an heiress. But you will use it well no doubt. It is all your own!"

"I will do my best," replied the girl, meekly. "But I think Violet and Lily ought to have a share."

"As you please, dear," said the rector. "But they had their opportunities. Still, we will not judge them. Here is the Book to which in every sense you owe so much."

"How good you are," said Ida. "Reginald," she added, turning to her affianced, "let us study this dear old Bible together; we will never part with it as long as we live!"

[THE END.]

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

MISS C. A. METCALFE, 1s.; collected by Miss Ellen W. Smith, 1s.; Miss Rugge, 2s. 6d.; Claire, 2s. 6d.; collected by the Misses Soden, 13s. 6d.; Pearl, 2s.; Mary, 2s. 6d.; Minda, 5s.; collected by Miss Gorgerrat, 4s. 6d.; the proceeds of a little bazaar, got up by Miss Eva and Miss Mary Clarke and Miss Kathleen Carey, £1 10s. 6d.; the Misses Stevenson, £2; A. S. H., 1s. 6d.; A. W., 1s.; collected by Miss Grace Blackman, 19s.; Gold Dust, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss Florence Norman, £1 13s. 6d.; Pelican, 2s.; collected by Miss M. Berkenhead, 14s.; E. S. Hull, 3s.; collected by Miss Maud Macdonald, £1 11s. 6d.; Three Scotch Girls, 3s.; E. M. C., 10s.; A. H., 1. Total, £11 7s. Total amount received to July 31st, 1883, £541 6s. 8d.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.



OUR young readers are Busy Bees indeed! Soon after the last short notice of honey gathered for the Princess Louise Home was written, a perfect hive-full arrived. We have now to acknowledge with much gratitude the receipt of £31 11s. from Miss Townsend and Miss Fairlie, the proceeds of

a small bazaar held by them for the benefit of the Home, at the abode of the former. This young lady gathered her friends together now and again to an afternoon tea, when they

held literally, as well as figuratively, "A Bee," at which their "busy" fingers took the place of the antennae of that industrious insect, and stored up honey in the shape of various articles of work. We are proud to say that all were readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

At first they hoped to dispose of their store for £10, then, as they proceeded, their ambitious desires rose to £20, finally they had no limit, and the result was another bazaar.

This took place the end of last July. Let us take a peep at it in retrospect. Thanks to the kindness of friends, masculine and feminine, there was an awning fifty feet long to ensure the safety of the handiwork of the fayre damosels, a tent for refreshments, presided over by an amiable knight errant, or, in modern parlance, a brother of one of them, and a flower tent; and there were besides, tables and chairs on the lawn for the convenience of such visitors as chose to partake of tea and coffee. As night approached, light was procured by means of Chinese lanterns suspended to the trees and awning overhead, and thus the Bees worked on till two o'clock, accumulating the honey afore mentioned. It was quite "A gay and festive scene," and all were very sorry when the bright and happy afternoon was over.

To gain so large a sum it is scarcely necessary to say that many friends responded to the printed circulars sent them, so that not five shillings' worth of work remained when the hour of closing arrived, and as there were no "expenses" to be deducted from the proceeds, those thirty welcome guineas all reached the hands of the secretaries, which you will believe were readily stretched out to receive them.

Such is the pleasure resulting from good deeds, that the young ladies would gladly go through the whole work again, and hope their example may incite others to labour for some charitable purpose. They are inclined to think fortnightly "Bees" quite delightful, and especially so when the cells of the hive are filled with stores that shall feed the poor or sick. We congratulate the two Queen Bees on the result of their gatherings, and bid them Godspeed.

VARIETIES.

HEARTS AND HEADS.—Fontenelle says that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than men.

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.—The following curious statement was drawn up in France many years ago from the registered cases of 876 married women. It exhibits the chances of marriage at various ages, but our readers must observe that what may hold good abroad is not always equally applicable in this country, and they will therefore be cautious in estimating their own chances by reference to the French figures:—

No.	Age	No.	Age	No.	Age
3	at 13	59	at 23	7	at 33
11	" 14	53	" 24	5	" 34
16	" 15	36	" 25	2	" 35
43	" 16	24	" 26	0	" 36
45	" 17	28	" 27	2	" 37
77	" 18	22	" 28	0	" 38
115	" 19	17	" 29	1	" 39
118	" 20	9	" 30	0	" 40
86	" 21	7	" 31		
85	" 22	5	" 32		

SELF-DENIAL.—The secret of all success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whiphand of yourself, that is the best educator.—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

THIN LIPS.—Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. For the consolation, however, of those who have thin lips and are not shrews or niggards, we must give it here as our opinion, founded on what we have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness, and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such moments.

ACKNOWLEDGING ONE'S FAULTS.—No habit is acquired with more difficulty than that of acknowledging one's errors; and yet this habit is the best feature in an amiable character, and the strongest proof of a sound understanding.

BE NATURAL.—Everyone has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking which she spoils by a too close and servile imitation of another; as Bishop Felton, an imitator of Bishop Andrews, observed, "I had almost marred my own natural trait by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble."

CHINESE SALUTATIONS.—The Chinese salutation consists in clasping the left hand with the right and waving it up and down, at the same time bowing deeply; or if unusual respect is wished to be evinced, the Chinaman bows as low as is possible, swinging his clasped hands between his legs backwards and forwards.

A DIFFERENCE.—A man will carry twenty sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket, but a woman needs a morocco portemonnaie as large as one's fist, and too heavy to be carried in the pocket, to escort five shillings, a couple of postage stamps, a recipe for making curry powder, and two patterns of dress goods.

HIGH FOREHEADS.—According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. A large, bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word affronting comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead as vines are trailed over a wall.—*Leigh Hunt.*

PRECIOUS TIME.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away, and let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend. But when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they are at once anxious to make a very wise use of them. Unluckily, by that time they have no notion how to do it.

FOR EVERY DAY.—Sound thy heart to the bottom, and try it nicely, to be thoroughly satisfied of thy sincerity. Let no day pass without an account taken of thy life, and be sure to observe very diligently what ground you gain or lose, what alteration appears in your temper, behaviour, affections, desires; what resemblance or degeneracy from God; how near approaches you make, or to what distances you are cast. Above all other subjects, study your own self, for she who is thoroughly acquainted with herself hath attained to a more valuable sort of learning than if the course and position of the stars, the virtues of the planets, the nature of all sorts of animals, had employed her thoughts.—*St. Bernard.*

board, and to see the yacht pass slowly out, while the waves widened between him and her. She turned resolutely towards the house, and as she went in she shivered. Surely it was not colder than it had been half-an-hour before! Ah, certainly, winter had begun.

She could have sat down on the old familiar stones and wept aloud. And yet why, when this parting was to be so brief? Ah, it was in that hour, in the pride and glow of her two-and-twenty summers, that Margaret Stewart first learned what it is to turn down a page of life and to have a past, whether or not she ever revisited Balaculva. The days of life and love in her early home were over. Life might bring to her what it would—it could never again bring these to her. Margaret did not then realise all that this means. Nobody can. She did not know then how in years to come these early scenes would build themselves up in her very dreams, and that in such dreams the shadows of people whose names she had not yet heard would seem to sit side by side with her dead mother and her ancient household ties in the familiar rooms. But she did know that there was a strange aching in her heart, and she had a forecasting thought that it was the repetition and renewal of this aching which make old age.

Though she had resisted watching the going-out of the yacht, she could not resist watching it when it was already far out. Then she supplemented her own vision by her father's glass. And just as the white sails vanished utterly from the horizon, she heard the grating of carriage-wheels, and knew that the Orion-Stewarts had availed themselves of her invitation.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.



LN February, 1882, the first appeal was made to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on behalf of the Princess Louise Home. They know how generously it was answered, and how that the result was a grand bazaar. They

also know that during the past two years sales of work have been held to dispose of the numerous articles remaining unsold after the said bazaar, and that, like the widow's cruse, there seemed to be no end to them. On the 4th of May, 1884, what was intended to be a final sale took place at Woodhouse, on the occasion of the annual examination of the pupils, and it was intimated to us that herewith our attempts to keep up the interest of our girls in the inmates of the Home must cease. Not that their interest need cease with our sketches, albeit this is ostensibly the last.

As in duty bound, we went post-haste to Wanstead, and soon found ourselves at Woodhouse, face to face with seventy-three girls, attired in print frocks and brown holland pinafores. It was a treat to see their rosy

faces, well-brushed hair, and neat attire. They were all seated in five ranks, one above the other, on a wonderful stage erected for them by their indefatigable friend, the secretary, and in front of them stood their teacher, who examined them.

Prize-giving is always interesting, and it was delightful to watch the girls, when the examination was over, descend one by one from their perches, pass between the assembled friends, approach the opposite platform, and receive the rewards of their labour. These were presented by a lady, aided by their good friend, Mrs. Talbot. Guineas were given to such as had been a year or more in service, and had been permitted by their mistresses to come with good characters to their Home.

These were not included in the seventy-three actual pupils. Then the monitresses received handsome work-boxes, and nearly half of the pupils beautiful books. Proficiency in laundry or house work, general good conduct, and efficient needlework were the efforts rewarded, rather than those of book learning, for our young friends are to be servants, and a faithful servant is truly a godsend in a house. We hope to see them multiply, so that their employers may say with our blessed Lord, "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends."

Several of our "Bazaar girls" received prizes, and the first we had the privilege of nominating gave us a bright smile as she carried off a handsome book. When they had all disappeared, we were not surprised to hear praises bestowed on them and the Home by gentlemen on the platform. One, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, spoke to the order and good conduct of the whole establishment; another, who called himself a life-long Sunday-school teacher, said that he frequently examined the girls on a Sunday, and could answer for their knowledge of Scripture. He also added that they had a really happy home, and loved the matron as a mother.

In due course of time we proceeded to the schoolroom, where we found our threescore and thirteen seated behind their needlework and copy books. We wished that we had a present for each, or that we could, at least, have spoken to each individually, but time failed, and we could only ask to be taken to our "Bazaar girls." The kind donors of money or work amongst the readers of this periodical will rejoice to learn that, owing in a great measure to their liberality, six cases have actually been admitted into the Home, and one or two others have, incidentally, been added to that number. We have, from time to time, mentioned three or four of these, but since the last printed account the others have been received. A young lady, Miss Wade, on reading the appeal, was so touched by "the empty beds," that she volunteered to fill one of them, giving the writer the privilege of nominating the girl. The Misses Murton, of Anerley, who have twice held drawing-room sales, have introduced another, and three have sprung from the East-end of London, and still, alas! there are twenty-eight vacant cots.

Yet how delightful it is to think that we, Editor, readers, and scribe, have aided in filling those already mentioned.

Our protégées showed their work and writing with alacrity, and certainly sewing, stitching, tucking, hemming, and writing were wonderfully good. They all acknowledged a book sent them at Christmas, and did not disdain to receive that smallest of silver coins, a threepenny bit, pleased, as we all are, at being remembered. All the once pale faces had grown rosy, except one, the last admitted, who could tell tales of East-end match-box manufacture that would make your hearts ache. They expressed themselves happy, and for the most part looked so. One of the

East-enders said, with a smile, that she "was getting used to it," and certainly the fresh air of Essex must be very different from the atmosphere round about the docks. Our first-born has actually been two years at the Home, and will soon be ready for service. She looks, and really is, happy, and promises well.

We were very sorry to bid good-bye to the girls, even though we were to wind up with the bazaar. One of the dormitories was dismantled for this auspicious finale to the work of our girls, and very tastefully adorned with white muslin and pink draperies. It seemed incredible that work enough remained to fill the numerous stalls; but so it was. The baker who supplies the Home liberally furnished a refreshment-stall gratis, and all was *de rigueur*. Mrs. Talbot informed us that one good lady had bought up all that remained of the garments fashioned for the poor; so that portion was cleared off. The bran pie was also soon emptied, and a brisk trade went on in cheap goods. But in spite of the gigantic efforts of the saleswomen, the cruse was not quite emptied. Many of the more costly articles remained unsold. In all probability they made up their minds to see what would happen to them next year, which will be the jubilee year of the Home; when a little bird whispers the Princess Louise may personally interest herself in such schemes as are already brewing in the brains of the secretary.

It is almost needless to say that Miss Tidd was busy as ever superintending the sale, and that she will still be open to contributions either in money or goods, should any "gentle reader" incline to send them. Our good Editor assures us that they shall still be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, under the part headed "Varieties."

We must not omit to state that among many other kind actions in connection with the Home during the past year, a graceful recognition of its good work by our beloved Queen shines forth. Her Majesty again presented to it a copy of her last book, containing an autograph inscription. The list which we append, as usual, will testify to many kind efforts made by young ladies to aid the institution, and we are particularly requested to thank "Veronica" for continuous exertions.

Besides the money received since the last notice of the Home, and printed below, Miss Tidd would like to acknowledge, not only gifts for sale, but presents of clothing for the girls; and we are sure that the donors of the same, as well as the innumerable contributions to the bazaar, will, with us, endorse a vote of thanks to her for her patience and success in carrying out a difficult and onerous work. We are not "A mutual admiration society," but as this is "positively our last appearance," we must be excused for bestowing a meed of praise on all concerned in the Princess Louise Bazaar and the Home, for which it was set on foot:—J. F. Lincoln, 2s. 6d.; A Daily Governess, Waterford, 5s.; Amy Clarkson, 5s.; Mrs. Ellen Ware (for a case), £13; Mrs. Jane Holland, £1; Elsie Forsyth, Switzerland, £1; Agnes Clarke, 4s.; Annie Ritchie, 6d.; Sale at Anerley (second), per Miss Murton, £36 12s. 7d.; Concert at Edmonton, per Miss Waldram, £3 10s.; Willie and Emily, 1s. 6d.; Miss Olive Cotton, £1 3s. 9d.; Miss Lizzie Smith, 12s.; "A Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.; "Marigo Agilasto," 2s.; "Maiden," 8s.; Miss Anne Beale, 5s.; Miss Nash, 5s.; per Miss Murton, 1s.; Miss Dennis, 10s.; "Maiden," 5s.; "An Easter Offering," 3s. 9d.; N. M., Worcester, 1s. Last sale at the Home, May 3, £18 19s. 10d.

The office of the Princess Louise Home has been removed to 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W.

reduced price; if we were contemplating laying in a stock of old port; or if they might be allowed to write us down for a copy of a new illustrated almanack, much patronised by the nobility and aristocracy. I just mention these little occurrences to show that though we were so happy in our flat it had its drawbacks. But the greatest drawback of all was the existence of a highly musical family immediately below us. They were remarkable people, possessing great individuality of character (or else, as Sarah said, they wouldn't have been living in our dwellings), which found vent in an enthusiastic love for music. One member of the family sang, a second played waltzes, and a third performed popular melodies on the piano, mostly with one finger. It is evident that the architect who designed the dwellings never meant to live in one of them himself, or else he would have taken some precautions for deadening the sound. Our neighbours' piano had a full, mellow tone, which penetrated the flooring, the carpet, and increasing in volume as it ascended, filled our drawing-room with vibrations. On one occasion, even Sarah's stout temper failed her; somebody below was rendering the "Holly Bush Polka," for the third time, when a piano organ in the street struck up "Nancy Lee." I put my fingers in my ears; never in my life had I heard so horrible a noise. Sarah rushed to the writing table, and snatching up a pen, began a furious letter of remonstrance to the landlord, threatening to leave the dwellings immediately unless this intolerable nuisance were put a stop to. However, as we had no stamps, we could not post the letter that night, and by the next morning we had become more tolerant in our views. Naturally, the poor things must practise, and it would be a great pity for us to leave the flat just as it was beginning to look so pretty. So Sarah wrote a polite note to the lady below us, instead of an angry one to the landlord; after that, the practising was conducted in a more rational style.

At last Aunt Jane wrote to say that, as Uncle Philip had business in London, she should avail herself of the opportunity and pay us a visit in our new abode. We were very busy that morning, arranging flowers and hanging pictures. Even Mrs. Tumber rose to the occasion; she anticipated Sarah's most cherished wish by proposing that we should have muffins for tea, and she swept the drawing-room carpet for upwards of half an hour (with closed windows) in order that the dust "might lay" before the arrival of our visitors. Uncle Philip came in, all smiles and friendliness, following Aunt Jane, who looked disappointed, as if she had expected to find that a flat had no roof, or that it was built after the fashion of an Esquimaux hut.

"Nice quarters you have got, girls!" cried Uncle Philip, rubbing his hands. "A little close, perhaps, after the country, eh?"

"Not at all, Uncle Philip," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"No? Well, perhaps not. I'm glad you're satisfied, Annie."

Sarah explained that as we had windows on either side of the passage, it was absolutely impossible that the flat *could* be close; on the contrary, it was always easy to get a thorough draught. To prove this the more clearly, she threw up the windows and opened the doors till Aunt Jane shivered, the fire smoked, and Uncle Philip declared that he was quite convinced. Then we walked round the premises in a procession, Uncle Philip admiring everything he saw, and Aunt Jane bent upon opening all the cupboards and cross-questioning Mrs. Tumber on the subject of her own domestic arrangements. As ill-luck would have it, just as Mrs. Tumber had begun an account of her husband's last attack, the tenant above chose that very moment to throw several soda-water bottles and an empty

sardine tin down the dust-shoot. They certainly did make a considerable clatter. Aunt Jane shrieked, and, as her nerves are not very strong, it really was a matter of difficulty to convince her that there was no immediate danger of the kitchen-wall falling in, or the chimney-pot being blown down upon our heads. At length we went back to the drawing-room, and had tea.

"And do you never find, my dear," said Aunt Jane, daintily helping herself to a muffin as her nerves began to recover their tone, "do you never find that the view is a trifle monotonous, in consequence of the windows all being on the same story?"

No, we had never thought about it.

"And there is one more question I must ask, at the risk of being tedious."

"Not at all, Aunt Jane," said Sarah, bent upon being very polite.

"In case of fire now, what would you do?"

"The staircase is fireproof," said Sarah, beginning to look a little mischievous, "and I hope we should get down in good time, especially if we held wet sponges to our faces."

But Aunt Jane was not satisfied yet. She shook her head solemnly. "If the staircase should fall a prey to the flames, my dear Sarah, or you failed to hear the alarm of fire?"

"Then I expect we should be burnt in our beds," said Sarah, flippantly; and Aunt Jane, who never can forgive a joke, was inexpressibly shocked. She sat bolt upright on the edge of her chair during the rest of the visit, refused all invitations to join in the conversation, and took Uncle Philip away to the station an hour earlier than was necessary. After that, we had a great many more visitors, all curious to find out how we liked our original way of housekeeping, and to know whether we meant to stay on at the flat. Of course we did; we had experienced all the inconveniences long ago, and had just begun to realise how pleasant it was to be thoroughly independent. Very soon Mrs. Tumber left us with a large bundle, and double wages, hoping that we should keep our health, and remember her, if we, at any time, should happen to have an old pair of boots to spare. She was succeeded by a nice little maid, and peace and cleanliness reigned in our flat.

By-and-by, Tom Leigh called, bringing the parcel from the West Coast and news of Jack. He was amazed and delighted to find Sarah so well and in such good spirits. They were great friends, and when he had seen her last she had been so terribly weak and ill that he had hardly thought that she could get well again. He did not tell me all this at first, but afterwards when we had seen a good deal of him, for he liked the flat so much that he came every day, and was quicker at opening the door than even Sarah herself! People learn to be so handy in the colonies, Tom says; "so they do in flats," but he would like me to have a little experience of colonial life too, so, as he has got an appointment in Canada which will keep him there some months, we are going out directly after our marriage. Jack will be home by that time, and he and Sarah mean to keep on the flat, at least till we come home again.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

BY ANNE BEALE.

As the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are still so kindly interested in the Princess Louise Home as to send, from time to time, gifts of money and work, we are again permitted to give them a few details. In the first place, another benevolent lady has volunteered to maintain a girl for four years in the Home—possibly for a longer period—and the writer

has once more had the great satisfaction of nominating her. She has come to replace our first G.O.P. girl, and, strange to say, both have the same surname. We have, therefore, still our half-dozen. The first, placed in the Home through the instrumentality of this magazine, is now in service, and she has gone to the kind friend who rescued her, a feeble child, from a doubtful situation. She has done extremely well, both in conduct and health, and we may all be proud of our eldest born.

In the second place, we are requested by the secretary, Mr. Gillham, to state that this is the year of the golden wedding of the home—or its inmates, which?—since homes are scarcely marriageable. At any rate, it has been in existence fifty years, and certain ceremonials are to take place. Presents are, of course, *de rigueur*; but, contrary to custom on such occasions, all that are given will be sold for the benefit of the children. Another grand bazaar! which "our girls" are again asked to aid by deft and nimble fingers. Details are not as yet forthcoming, but we will give them if space is allowed to us by our conscientious editor.

In the third and last place, the girls have had a singularly bright and happy Christmas and New Year, thanks to the ladies' committee and other friends of the institution. They had a Christmas-tree of unusually large dimensions, well hung with tapers and presents. The committee of the Reformatory and Refuge Union provided a magic lantern. Our old friends from Edmonton gave them a concert; prizes for good conduct, both in the Home and at service, were distributed; and our special G.O.P. girls received a book each, the present of friends interested equally in the success of the Home and the paper. In addition to all this, on Christmas morning Santa Claus presented each girl with a pair of new cuffs, a handkerchief, a letter, and a Christmas card, to say nothing of brand new dresses wherein to walk to church. Had they not reason to sing with the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men"? and, being well taught to reverence that Saviour whose birth they commemorated, they doubtless did sing with thankful hearts.

We pass over the good cheer that awaited them on their return to Woodhouse, and the abundant dessert provided by the friends who had placed them in the Home, lest we should outstep the space allotted for our exercise; but we venture to add a few words written by their indefatigable secretary concerning the kindness of friends. "The loving spirits who had been moved to do all this could not but realise that Providence had entrusted to their hands the dispensation of a very bright epoch in the lives of these young girls, who have now returned to the more serious duties of life, several of them going to service with the full assurance that they carry with them the prayers and good wishes of all those they leave behind."

We have again to thank our staunch friend Veronica for another parcel, Mrs. Holland for twenty woollen scarfs, Mrs. Cronin for undergarments, friends at Plymouth for calico and flannel, and in Abbey-road for work, Lady Greenwell for a parcel, Miss Blair a case, and Miss C. Spencer (of Bombay) for an embroidered Indian table-cover, a first instalment for our next bazaar. We would also gratefully acknowledge the following donations:—Elsie Forsyth, Switzerland, 19s. 9d.; A Farmer's Wife who remembers the Home in good Mr. Talbot's time, £1; Collected by Miss Ella Skinner, £1 10s.; per Editor of "G.O.P.," 3s.; Mrs. Pranker, per Miss Anne Beale, 10s. 6d.; Miss Clark, 2s. 6d.

The office of the Princess Louise Home is still 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London, W., and Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd continue to work there.

VARIETIES.

A LOST DONKEY.

An Italian rustic used to carry corn to a neighbouring town on asses, which he frequently hired for the journey. Once on his return home from market he felt fatigued, and mounted the best donkey he had with him. When getting near his cottage he counted the asses that were in front, but took no account of the animal he was on, so that he fancied one was missing.

Full of anxiety, he left the asses with his wife, charging her to take them back to their owners, and forthwith returned to the market town, seven miles distant, still riding the same beast, and inquiring of all those he met on the way if they had not found a stray donkey.

All answered in the negative, and he came home at night, sad and grieved at the loss of the donkey. At last he dismounted, and found that he had before his eyes the animal he had taken so much trouble to look for.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

A gentleman who was on his way home one dark night was encountered by a footpad with the demand, "Your money or your life!"

"Alas!" said the gentleman, "you can't have any money; I have just been to a bazaar."

The highwayman immediately recognised the force of this reasoning, and even offered a contribution out of his own pocket.

THE JUDGE AND THE BANDBOX.

The famous chief justice, Lord Ellenborough, was on one occasion about to start on circuit when his wife expressed a desire to accompany him. "Very well," said he, "but remember there are to be no bandboxes tucked under the seat of the carriage, as I have too often found when honoured before with your ladyship's company."

She promised to meet his wishes, and they set out together. They had not gone very far when the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had expressly forbidden.

Down the window went with a bang, and out went the bandbox into the ditch.

The startled coachman at once pulled up. "Drive on," said the judge, sternly, "and let the thing lie where it is."

They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court.

"And now where's my wig?—where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been found.

"Your wig, my lord," answered the servant, tremulously, "was in that bandbox your lordship threw out of the window as we came along."

THE DOGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—It is an interesting fact that Shakespeare had not only no love for dogs, but a real dislike to them. Horses he could admire, but for dogs he had no good word. He evidently looked upon them all more or less as curs, snappish and cowardly, and in having no corner in his heart for dogs he stands almost alone amongst large-hearted men.

FRIENDLY TALK.—The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy in tracing back, at some distant time, those transactions and events through which they have passed together.—*Dr. Johnson*

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—Wordsworth.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

PROGRESS is one of the watchwords of this nineteenth century. We are in duty bound to "report" it. We have already chronicled that this is the jubilee year of the Princess Louise Home—its fiftieth birthday—and we have now to tell what is being done to celebrate it. In the first place, there are great projects concerning the amendment and consolidation of the Home itself. When its excellent founder, Mr. Talbot, inaugurated it the house at Wanstead was in better condition than it is now. It is not inaptly called "Woodside," for not only is it at one end of Epping Forest, but one wing of it is built of wood. This said woodwork is crumbling away, worm-eaten during this past half-century, and causing constant alarm on account of its inflammable character. An incautiously-dropped lucifer match, or carelessly-placed lamp, may set it alight, and cause a serious conflagration. The dining-hall and schoolroom are also in a very rickety and dangerous condition, and altogether Time has set his foot on the place, and left marks that need effacing. It is therefore proposed to keep this, our fiftieth anniversary, by repairing and building. Already the Marquis of Lorne has kindly presided over a meeting to consider the best means for effecting this. Of course "funds" are the means. One of the dreams of the secretary and his coadjutors has been to add a proper laundry to the establishment, so that the elder girls may aid in their own maintenance. This, as well as the reconstruction of the dilapidated hall and schoolroom, and the replacement of the woodwork by stone and plaster, has been well talked over by the meeting aforesaid, the results of which have not yet transpired. We will hope success may attend them.

Everybody is musical nowadays, and no festival is complete without the aid of the divine art. Accordingly the Fisk Jubilee Singers have generously promised a concert for the benefit of the Institution, and that patron of noble deeds, the Marquis of Westminster, has opened Grosvenor House for the occasion. It is to take place on the 20th of April—a date, we fear, prior to the publication of this paper, though subsequent to the writing thereof.

Of one date, however, we trust our readers will take heed. At 2 p.m. on Saturday, May 30, the fiftieth annual meeting of the Princess Louise Home will, D.V., be held in Exeter Hall. This is truly a great event in its annals, since such assemblies have usually taken place in the Home. But golden birthdays can only occur twice in a century. Those friends of unprotected girls, Lord and Lady Brabazon, have promised to be there; the former as chairman, the latter to present the prizes to the girls, transported from Woodside to the Strand for the occasion. And another friend of all the poor, our good East-end Bishop—of Bedford, so-called—will be there to speak for the Home and the waifs and strays of his unique diocese, of whom some of our girls form part. It must be a pathetic and interesting meeting, therefore we say to our readers, old and young, "Come!"

We are asked to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of a parcel of stockings from Cumberland, knitted by the Misses Nixon, and 5s. contributed by Miss Nash.

sky, she sees the red sunset burning through the wood above her father's fields, and the well-known figures coming homeward across the pastures.

"Ah," she sighs, brushing away a tear, "I wonder whether I shall indeed find everything just the same when I go back! How glad—how very glad I should be to lift the latch of the old door and look in on them all to night!"

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Love-Lily and other songs. Words by Dante G. Rossetti. Music by Edward Dannreuther. —These songs are most æsthetic and advanced in style, and no one but a highly cultivated and exceptionally intelligent musician should purchase them. They are well worth study as being specimens of the ultra-modern school fashionable at present in our London drawing-rooms. There are six songs in the collection, and those most preferred by us are:

Autumn Song.—A most delightful poem, albeit of the sentimental and doleful order, set in a musicianly and highly sympathetic style. The second,

Plighted Promise, is more difficult, and full of exceeding great passion; while

My Father's Close is at once dainty, tuneful, original, and beautiful.

WEEKES AND CO.

Six Songs (separately issued), by Joseph F. Duggan.—Certainly a most wonderful collection, but full of interest and sometimes of great beauty. They are very varied in character, but all wild, and, generally speaking, uncanny. As Mr. Duggan is the composer of the quiet and charming song, "Many a time and oft," which used to be sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby in a sincerely pathetic manner, it seems all the stranger that he should issue these. The collection is called "A First Series of Rhythmic Tentatives," and the motto employed is "rhythm alone is sufficient to recast the entire fount of musical idea." The first song of the series,

Anacreon, is a temperance song set in a bombastic spirit resembling the old drinking ditties, and reminding one of the Amen Chorus in Berlioz's *Faust*, sung in ridicule by men "in their cups." It is clever, though very trying to sing. Bass voice required. The next song,

Elleree, is the best in the collection, and when sung after much study is sure to be liked. It is weird and grand, with a splendid verse of a religious character at the end.

The Lily of the Lake is the third song, and is intended for a tenor. As it is written in 7-4 time, our readers will see that the song is of an original character; apart from this, however, it is a lovely composition, and one which will haunt the singer for many a day. The remaining songs we must beg our readers, who care to do so, to read and judge for themselves, as we are much limited for space this month.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Album of Six Songs. Words by Shelley. Music by Ernest Ford.—These songs are sure not to become popular, for they are too refined and thoughtful. Some of them, notably "Heart's Devotion" and "Bridal Song," are at once powerful and full of choice phrases. Every lover of advanced modern songs is recommended to try them. Written for soprano or tenor.

which makes the whole room glad is blown out by a puff of wind coming one knows not whence. Then Miles, saddened and sobered, went about his work, caring little for the large house, only seeing that it was properly cleaned and aired, walking methodically through the great rooms, and coming at last to live in two of them, his dining-room and a small sleeping room, which had been his dressing-room while his wife was alive. A few friends came to see him at intervals, and there were some to whom the silent house was a home whenever they came to town; but Miles had no heart for company. When Edward should be grown up would be time enough; the boy should marry, and then the house would once again echo with laughter and song; he should make his own choice—it would be sure to be a worthy one, and they would find a corner for the old man, and not think him in the way. Edward grew up, and was all that his father wished him to be; then came the second bitter disappointment, and the big house was more empty and silent than ever.

On that June evening, as he strolled with Mark through the quiet streets, and glanced up at the lighted windows in the houses of his

neighbours, at the groups of people, old and young, on the high balconies, and caught the waves of laughter or song, the silence, the darkness of the house into which they introduced themselves by a latchkey, seemed almost unendurable. The gas was turned low in the dining-room; the portrait of Mrs. Echlin looked thin and spectral; the plate and glass on the sideboard suggested anything but good cheer, looking rather like mummies from which the life has long since departed. Mark turned up the gas, and they saw that it wanted five minutes to ten. What a long evening it had been. Mark was tired, and thought, if Mr. Echlin didn't mind, he would go to bed; he said something in apology about country habits; he did not say that he was up every morning before six practising certain technicalities which were necessary for the carrying on the business; nor did he complain of the heat and closeness of the office, though both were trying to a country lad.

Mr. Echlin wished him "good-night" kindly, but rather like one in a dream, and when the butler came in at eleven, according to custom, with his master's candle, and to carry

up the plate, he still sat in the same chair, but he was leaning back with a satisfied look; the inkstand and blotting-pad were on the table, and a sealed letter lay before him.

"Are you ready for your candle, sir?" said Martin, taking all in at a glance.

"Yes, quite," replied the master, rising briskly from his chair. "Good-night, Martin; fine weather for the country."

"Splendid for the crops, sir," said Martin, a cockney to the backbone, who was imbued with the idea that the more the sun blazed the better the corn grew; but as he turned out the gas the old man wondered to whom his master had been writing, a wonder which was not relieved in the morning, as was generally the case on the rare occasions when Mr. Echlin wrote a letter at home, by his being requested to post it, for his master brought the letter down with him, laid it on the mantelpiece with the direction downwards, and carried it out in his own hand when he went to business, all which unusual proceedings served to fix Martin's attention on the letter, and to impress him with the idea that it must be a document of much importance.

(To be concluded.)

AN APPEAL FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

By ANNE BEALE.



FIVE years ago the first appeal for the Princess Louise Home was inserted in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It appeared in the weekly number dated February 25, 1882. The response to it was hearty and immediate, and from all

parts of the habitable globe arrived contributions in money and goods towards a bazaar for the benefit of this "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls." The bazaar was held in May, but the account of it was given in the number for July 22, 1882.

Every subscriber likes to know what becomes of his or her donations; therefore we purpose to look into results by paying another visit to our old friends at Woodhouse, Wanstead, before terrifying our readers by announcing another fancy fair.

"Old friends" is almost a misnomer, for new faces greet us everywhere as we enter the precincts of the grounds and ancient abode. Mrs. Talbot, the esteemed matron, has resigned, and Mrs. Macdonald reigns in her stead. Miss Tidd, the originator and untiring secretary of the bazaar, is happily married. So is the schoolmistress, who, it will be remembered, was also a pupil trained at the Home. The monastresses of to-day are the scholars of five years ago, and our own particular girls have diminished in number. Thanks to the bazaar and collateral causes, we have been privileged to gain admission for nearly a dozen, of whom the greater number are in service and doing well, and when we make urgent demands for our girls, four only respond to them; but they have not forgotten us. We find two in the kitchen and two in the laundry, and hear that a couple of these are going to service after Christmas. They all look rosy and happy, in spite of the fumes that surround them; for the young cooks are bending over two gigantic saucepans, whence issues a very savoury odour, and the juvenile laundresses are enveloped in the

less appetising exhalations from damp linen; for this is folding, drying, and mangling day, and one of our particular girls is turning the mangle. This large and commodious laundry has been erected, opened, and utilised since our last visit to Woodhouse. There are different compartments for sorting, washing, drying, ironing, mangling, packing, and delivering, which all communicate with one another. We live and learn; for we had scarcely realised before all the processes of laundry work. And this is all done by manual toil; for there is no steam. Seven of the elder girls are at present in training under a special experienced matron and laundry-maid, and as customers increase, more will be drafted off to this particular work, and open the other parts of the establishment to an increased number of inmates. As laundries almost invariably pay, it is confidently hoped that the income of the Home will be greatly increased by this agency, and both friends and strangers are "cordially invited," as the phrase now is, to try it. The tariff of charges is the ordinary one laid down in London and the neighbourhood, and arrangements have been made with those ubiquitous carriers, Carter and Paterson, to fetch and return boxes and hampers of linen from and to any part of this vast metropolis free of charge; and customers may count on being supplied with the said boxes and hampers gratis and securely padlocked. What could they want more? "Good washing and ironing," is the reply; and we trust these will follow the demand. Over a thousand articles have to be washed weekly for the inmates of the Home alone; so under all circumstances the hand is kept in.

Our laundresses boast of a separate establishment, which they have called Primrose Cottage, probably after the Primrose League, of which they have heard. This is a long room with a long green-baize-covered table, communicating with the laundry. A short time ago it was a sort of outhouse; now it is a sitting and dining-room, adorned with texts. If funds only came in, many other tumble-down and ill-paved portions of this country seat might be vastly amended. But neither Rome nor Woodhouse was built or repaired

in a day. Soon, however, we hope to see a splendid drying-ground replace the present one, for the asphalted roof of the laundries offers every facility for it. If we may be permitted to make a personal remark, we would venture to say that a rosier, healthier set of laundry-girls could nowhere be seen, and the roses extend from face to arms. As we descend from Primrose Cottage to the laundry, we are arrested by a remark made by the secretary, as he points upwards to an iron girder—

"This was a great encouragement to me. This iron came from Providence, and bears that name. I took it as a good sign, and worked on in faith," he says.

Assuredly there is the word "Providence" stamped on the iron, and we will not pause to inquire whence its origin, but hasten onwards to see what the Divine Providence is doing for His rescued children, and what He requires us to do.

Most of them are in the playground, and their ringing voices and laughter sound mirthful, and convey no impression of the depraved homes from which they have been taken. About a dozen of them, however, are gathered round a fire in what is called their playroom, which might be better paved and appointed, if only those—we dare not mention funds again in this place, seeing we are about to make an appeal vigorous enough to melt hearts harder than these very rough stones on which the children play. A bundle of picture text cards attracts the whole school into the playroom, and we are soon surrounded by about fifty girls of ages varying from eleven to fifteen and over, all thankful for very small mercies. We are thus enabled to declare them very well-mannered; for instead of pressing forward to seize on the coveted card, they stand back, each urging a companion to the front. Slight touches indicate character and training, and this reticence speaks for itself. In spite of many difficulties inseparable from the education of girls mostly born and bred in a doubtful atmosphere, it is possible to cultivate a certain delicacy and refinement amongst them.

"I am sorry to be obliged to leave you;

but I am going to take this girl to her place," interrupts the matron, as a respectable-looking, neatly-dressed maiden appears amongst her schoolfellows to bid them good-bye.

She has passed her term of years in the Home, and is about to make her start in life. A good outfit and a respectable place have been provided for her somewhere in Kent, and the kind matron will not lose sight of her until she places her in the care of her new mistress. Indeed, the girls are never lost sight of, as their touching letters and frequent returns home prove, as well as the communications made to the matron on each change of place.

"If you keep your situation and have a good character for one clear year, the committee will give you a guinea as a reward, together with a new dress," says the secretary, encouragingly.

How little we realise the feelings of the young servant as she leaves the best home she has known for a stranger one, and hurries off to the train about to whirl her away into a new world! When we inquire her previous history, we are told that she was "surrounded by immoral influences, and rescued just in time."

Let us hope that her mistress will be able to write of her as many mistresses have written this year of girls sent to service before her—in terms of high commendation. Here are one or two extracts:—"Mary has been in my service for three years, and I have much pleasure in testifying to her continued good behaviour. She works hard, is very trustworthy, and I should be very sorry to part with her." "Ellen is a very good girl, and during the two years she has been with me has given me great satisfaction. I hope she may remain with me many years," etc.

When we consider what may have been the fate of these young people had not friends of the Home intervened, we are thankful for what our readers have done to help them. We are attracted by one who sits rather apart, and is bigger than the others. She was rescued from a life of such awful terrorism that even now, when reproved, she hides under the beds, creeping from one to another like a wild animal. She has, it is said, lost half her wits from fear; but it is hoped that kindness may recall them from their "wool-gathering." She seems less perplexed than she was.

We should like to linger, and learn the story of all the girls; but we are summoned from the outworks to the keep, where lessons and housework alternate, just as they did

when last we were here. As to the dormitories, they are literally ablaze with colour, for a generous, anonymous donor has sent seventy scarlet woollen coverlets, and each bed boasts of one. But there are at present only sixty-one inmates, and, accordingly, nine of the said coverlets are set aside. We are anxious to fill the home, which will hold one hundred. Therefore that last resource, a bazaar, is still in contemplation. Adverse circumstances prevented its taking place in 1886, the jubilee year of the Institution; so we hope that 1887, the jubilee year of our well-beloved Queen, may see it consummated. Will the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* continue their kind efforts, and send us work or money, as seems to them best? Some eight hundred pounds resulted from the last bazaar, which was mainly attributable to the start they gave it; and already numerous contributions have been received, the work of their willing fingers. Five years ago the office of the Princess Louise Home was crowded with packages containing their gifts. May it be so again, and may the writer once more be privileged to record them, and may another round dozen or more of girls be safely housed, taught, and placed in service, as the result of their labours.

Several distinguished and influential ladies have already promised their aid in various ways, and we are stirring ourselves up to hope for "a great success." H. R. H. the Princess Louise will open the bazaar, life and health being granted to her. We will pray that they may be extended and lengthened, and that she may see the Home that bears her name full to overflowing.

We are thankful that our readers have such good memories, and that they have not forgotten this, their first love, while contracting an attachment for another, equally worthy. Happily the philanthropic heart is large, and its hand ever open.

We have been so long the historian of the Home that we find nothing new to say about it, therefore we will wind up by a visit to the secretary's private abode, in order to see one of the girls, now in his service, who was a Woodhouse bird when last we looked into the nest. A drive across Wanstead Flats, through a portion of the Forest, and past the picturesque village, brings us to his hospitable domicile. Hence he walks almost daily to oversee the Home, so that he, at least, is not idle, since he must also supervise monetary matters in London diurnally. We congratulate him on having such a quiet halting-ground midway.

It would be out of place to describe it, or

the excellent luncheon of which we partook, but it is quite allowable to say that the neatly dressed, rosy-faced parlour-maid waits uncommonly well, and that she is a good specimen of Woodhouse training. We are gratified by her recognising us, and if all the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* could have seen her bright smile of welcome and respectable appearance, they would have rejoiced with us. But she is only one of the many who have been aided. During the fifty years of the existence of the Institution, nearly three thousand have been rescued from danger of one kind and another, fifteen hundred of whom have been received since it has been known as "The Princess Louise Home." Forty-three of these were admitted only last year. Close upon eleven hundred have become domestic servants, and who can calculate the inestimable good done to them and society by rescuing them from indescribable evils?

As we stood upon the platform of the Snaresbrook Station awaiting the train, we moralised on this. Sunset with its heavenly glow overspread Epping Forest and Wanstead-park, beyond which lies the Home. We reflect on the Divine love which has inspired in the human heart the desire to devote all we see around us to the overworked citizens of the largest city in the world; and to open to some of her tempted children the gates of the rescue house in the distance. We recognize in the evening glow that *God's love* never fails. We will strive to obey His command, which says "Let brotherly love continue."

We perceive both degrees of love in the subjoined list, and feel assured that Christ's little ones will be still held in tender remembrance.

In addition to the seventy coverlets already mentioned, we are requested to state that 224 valuable articles have been received at the Home from a lady who desires her name not to be announced. These vary from scarlet blankets to children's hose.

Lady Greenall and Mrs. Edward Lloyd have also sent magnificent gifts of clothing, made and unmade; and "The Hampton Court Association of Ladies for the Care of Friendless Girls" has likewise contributed a valuable parcel of clothing, through the Dowager Lady Clifford.

In money, three guineas from Lady Martin and ten shillings from C. W. B. D. have been received.

Contributions sent to the Secretary, Mr. Gillham, at 32, Sackville-street, W., will be immediately acknowledged by him, and subsequently in this Magazine.

"SHE COULDN'T BOIL A POTATO;"

OR,

THE IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

By DORA HOPE.



ALTHOUGH Mrs. Wilson was very much better, her improvement still greatly depended upon having perfect quiet and freedom from all excitement, and her nurses found that if she was in any way disturbed or agitated in the evening, she either lay awake the greater part of the night, or, when worn out for want of sleep, was compelled to take the soothing medicine, which

always had a depressing effect upon her next day.

One evening, Ella had just left her aunt, who was drowsily watching nurse's final preparations for the night, when the whole house suddenly rang with piercing screams and cries for help from the kitchen.

Greatly annoyed and frightened, Ella ran downstairs to stop the noise, and, on reaching the kitchen, was horrified to find Annie, the housemaid, rushing about the room with her dress in flames, and shrieking wildly for some-

one to save her. The cook, meanwhile, was crouching in a corner with her apron over her head, so that, as she said afterwards, she "might not see Annie burnt to death before her eyes."

Ella quickly shut the kitchen-door, thereby stopping the draught of air, which was blowing the flames in all directions, and then, with more presence of mind, although not much better success, than the cook, she seized a jug of water, and flung it over the flames, and ran for more.

BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

AN out-of-door fête is always delightful in fine weather, and a fancy fair under wide-spreading trees, in which the birds warble a continuous concert for the benefit of buyers and sellers, is an exceptionally pleasant fête. If only the vendors of small wares had been blessed with a perpetual flow of purchasers, that at Charlton House, the seat of Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, would have been perfect; as it was, the scene was exceptionally pretty and inspiring. Charlton House is a lovely specimen of Elizabethan architecture, and the avenue in which our Bazaar was held, a grand specimen of that primeval architecture which preceded the Elizabethan by many a century. The stalls were placed between the trees, and as early as noon on the 11th and 12th of July, gaily dressed ladies in many coloured costumes were engaged in arranging them. They certainly strained every nerve to adorn their mimic booths, and by three o'clock they presented a tasteful and pretty sight.

Nowadays everybody knows all about bazaars, so we leave general description to the imagination, contenting ourselves with giving our small personal experiences of what happened at the stall, the contents of which were mainly contributed by the readers, young and old, of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. A young friend, all the way from Sweden, helped to drape it with Indian hangings, contributed by the celebrated firm of Liberty—a good name in these days—and to hang Chinese lanterns, and to display to the best advantage the work of our girls; and we flattered ourselves we looked as well as our neighbours. We strove to repress jealous feelings, for on the right we had a Japanese stall adorned with umbrellas and skillfully manufactured articles, a photographic studio, and a stall filled with fine prints, while on our left were noble ladies surrounded by artistic treasures. But we were proud to represent *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*; and prouder still when four Indian bracelets were brought to us, the gift of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. We displayed them on a red ground, and waited for customers.

We thought it a good omen when we sold, as our first trophy, the Marquis of Lorne's book, "A Tale of the Riviera," and we waited patiently the arrival of the Princess. Postponements are always doubtful, and owing to unforeseen causes connected with the Jubilee of our well-beloved Queen, our Bazaar had been postponed over a week, consequently, as we have already hinted, customers were slow to arrive. They came, however, with the Princess. Sounds of "God save the Queen" reached us from afar, and we were all expectancy. We knew that Royal Artillery and West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry were receiving her, to say nothing of Sir Spencer and Lady Maryon-Wilson and numberless other distinguished personages. But we were within our small domain, and witnessed nothing of this ceremonial. Suddenly, however, we saw an exceptionally beautiful bouquet of roses, above which was the kind and sweet face of "Our Princess," as the children of the Home call the Princess Louise. We need scarcely say that we were on the alert at once, and had the honour of selling Her Royal Highness one of our Indian curtains, and, by way of contrast, a wee book of selections from George Herbert. She said "she believed the Home was doing a good work, and hoped it would prosper;" with which kind wish she passed on to our envied neighbour, the Japanese stall.

After this we made the most of our silver

bracelets of Indian workmanship, calling special attention to them as the gift of the Princess. We sold three in no time, the Dowager Lady Maryon-Wilson securing the first, another lady the second, and a gentleman, who clasped it round his wife's arm, the third. We thus rejoiced to clear five pounds at three strokes, which was truly royal in the depressed condition of our finances.

While the Princess returned to Charlton House for "Afternoon Tea," and, subsequently went to the Pastoral Play, we had plenty of time to look about us; for the bees followed the honey; in other words, the company swarmed after the Princess. So we three stall-holders visited the other stalls by turns. That of the Countess of Meath, the staunch friend of the Princess Louise Home, was especially interesting, because it displayed work done by invalid paupers, who are employed and taught by a committee of ladies.

There were almost more workers and entertainments than visitors, and we heard on all sides, "There have been so many bazaars. Money is so scarce. The Jubilee has carried off the guests. The entrance-fee was too high," and similar remarks, which did not console us for a slack sale. We realised what it must be to stand behind a counter all day waiting for customers when "daily bread" depends on their arrival. And, to a certain extent, the "daily bread" of the inmates of the Princess Louise Home hung on the success of the Bazaar, since a considerable sum had been expended in preparations, and we hoped for a "great success."

A dozen or so of the children were there, dressed in their neat prints and straw hats, among whom were three or four of our own special girls, who were very glad to see us, and who brought some money to expend at our stall. "This has been given us, and we want a present for matron, and governess, and for one or two of the girls," they said. We gave them as much as we honestly could for their sumpences. They were very busy all day, waiting at the refreshment stall, opening lemonade bottles, and making themselves generally useful. As for the poor secretary and matron, they were metaphorically torn to pieces; but they would not have cared had funds come to heal their wounds. However, in this world we must look on disappointments as blessings in disguise, and hope that the comparatively small sum realised at our Fancy Fair may be quintupled in some other way.

There was no lack of excitement, for we were photographed, and interviewed, and saw something of the entertainments provided for the expected multitude, who did not fill the Théâtre Louise, or the concert-room, or even the auditorium of the Pastoral Play to overflowing. Still, the benevolent performers, both professionals and amateurs, played and sang their best without fee or reward, and we hope the sincere admiration and gratitude of the few compensated for the applause of the many.

After this purchasers came, like Wordsworth's stars, "by twos and threes," and the hearts of the saleswomen were cheered. The handiwork of "Our Girls" disappeared also, by twos and threes, and the furniture of our stall diminished. The beautiful Indian table-cover, sent by one of our kind readers from India, was purchased by the owner of the broad lands on which our tents were pitched, as were all the cards adorned with pressed flowers and seaweed, kindly presented by another. Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson also bought sundry delicately made woollen

wraps for a baby born at Charlton House the previous evening, soon after the Princess Louise quitted it. We were told by an old dependent of the family that no birth had occurred in the mansion for over half a century, and this auspicious event was heralded by military honours! It was whispered that the little maiden would be christened Louise. If so, may she be as good as her namesake! All thanks are due to Sir Spencer for allowing his beautiful place to be turned topsy-turvy, so to say, to facilitate this, our Bazaar; and, when we think that great packages filled glass-houses, stalls the avenue, a flower-stall the rose garden, and cases of uninebriating beverages a large grass plot, we wonder at his magnanimity. Naturally, the honour and pleasure of receiving his royal and noble guests outweighed the penalty, to say nothing of the desire to benefit a deserving institution.

It was nearly nine o'clock on the second evening when we began to dismantle our stall. As is usual at bazaars, enough articles were left to furnish another, and we venture to prognosticate that ere long "The clearance sale" will take place at the house of some friend interested in the cause. The kind donors of the work still on hand may be sure that it will not be wasted. Still, it made us very melancholy to see what a heap there was; and we were scarcely comforted by learning that we came in third in our winnings the first day, and were at the head of the poll the second.

It was over at about half-past nine, and "God save the Queen" wound up our fête and bazaar, leaving us to find our way to the train, and thence to London, as best we could. It was midnight when we got home, and we reflected with pardonable vanity on our two days of hard work in an excellent cause. Our readers and contributors must not intermit their benevolent efforts because we did not clear the thousands we anticipated. They must rather think of the needs of the Home and our earnest desire to increase the number of its inmates from seventy to a hundred.

We have again to acknowledge, with the sincere thanks of the committee, as well as the inmates of the Home, several kind contributions in response to our appeal. Should any donation be omitted or twice repeated, will the donor be so good as to excuse it? Additional gifts of work have arrived from C. Lukeman, Miss Dyson, Miss H. Hort, Mrs. Stern, Mrs. Warne, Miss E. Cawte and friends, Miss Amy Rochester, Miss Frome, Lillie Devonshire, A. N. H., and Mrs. W. Barlow. Also a gift of books from Miss G. Gossett. In money we have received from our benevolent readers as follows:—The Misses Andrews, 2s. 6d.; Fairy, 1s.; Anon, 9d.; Miss A. Clarke, 2s. 6d.; the Rev. W. W. Herringham, 5s.; Mrs. Valentine, £1; Mrs. Armstrong, £1 1s. (for laundry, etc.); Edmund Blackford, 5s.; — Allen, 2s.; Miss Williams, 2s. 6d.; Colonel Holland, £1 1s.; Miss Berger, £1.

We are requested to tender sincere acknowledgments to various firms for gifts in kind, which, though most welcome, scarcely come within the province of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.

Once more we ask our girls to receive our best thanks for their response to our perhaps too persistent demands, and our warmest wishes that they may continue to take to heart the text, "Be not weary in well-doing," being assured that they "shall reap if they faint not."

ready to take offence," she would say; "but I think we ought to make allowances for her. I don't think we realise how much she has to bear—that she never feels well."

"Oh, that is all very well," Christine would answer, for she had a quick temper too, and would fire up after one of Hatty's sarcastic little speeches; "but it is time Hatty learnt self-control. I daresay you are often tired after your Sunday class, but no one hears a cross word from you."

"Oh, I keep it all in," Bessie returned, laughing. "But I daresay I feel cross all the same. I don't think any of us can guess what it must be to wake depressed and languid every morning; a louder voice than usual does not make our heads ache. Yet I have seen Hatty wince with pain when Tom indulged in one of his laughs."

"Yes, I know," replied Christine, only half convinced by this. "Of course it is very trying, but Hatty must be used to it by this time, for she has never been strong from a baby; and yet she is always bemoaning herself, as though it were something fresh."

"It is not easy to get used to this sort of trouble," answered Bessie, rather sadly. "And I must say I always feel very sorry for Hatty," and so the conversation closed.

But in her heart Bessie said, "It is all very well to preach patience, and I for one am always preaching it to Hatty, but it is not so easy to practise it. Mother and Christine are always praising me for being so good-tempered; but if one feels strong and well, and has a healthy appetite and good digestion, it is very easy to keep from being cross; but in other ways I am not half so good as Hatty; she is the purest, humblest little soul breathing."

In spite of late hours, Bessie was down-

stairs the next morning at her usual time; she always presided at the breakfast table. Since her eldest son's death, Mrs. Lambert had lost much of her strength and energy, and though her husband refused to acknowledge her as an invalid, or to treat her as one, yet most of her duties had devolved upon Bessie, whose youthful energy supplemented her mother's failing powers.

Bessie had briefly hinted at the family sorrow; she was not one at any time to dwell upon her feelings, nor to indulge in morbid retrospection, but it was true that the loss of that dearly-loved son and brother had clouded the bright home atmosphere. Mrs. Lambert had borne her trouble meekly, and had striven to comfort her husband, who had broken down under the sudden blow. She spoke little, even to her daughters, of the grief that was slowly consuming her; but as time went on, and Dr. Lambert recovered his cheerfulness, he noticed that his wife drooped and ailed more than usual; she had grown into slow, quiet ways that seemed to point to failing strength.

"Bessie, your mother is not as young as she used to be," he said, abruptly, one morning. "She does not complain, but then she is not one of the complaining sort; she was always a quiet creature; but you girls must put your shoulders to the wheel, and spare her as much as possible." And from that day Bessie had become her mother's crutch.

It was a wonderful relief to the harassed mother when she found a *confidante* to whom she could pour out all her anxieties.

Dr. Lambert was not a rich man; his practice was large, but many of his patients were poor, and he had heavy expenses. The hilly roads and long distances obliged him to keep two horses. He had sent both his sons to Oxford, thinking a good education would

be their best inheritance, and this had obliged him to curtail domestic expenses. He was a careful man, too, who looked forward to the future, and thought it his duty to lay aside a yearly sum to make provision for his wife and children.

"I have only one son now, and Hatty will be always a care, poor child," he said more than once.

So, though there was always a liberal table kept in the doctor's house, it being Dr. Lambert's theory that growing girls needed plenty of nourishing food, the young people were taught economy in every other matter. The girls dressed simply and made their own gowns. Carpets and furniture grew the worse for wear, and were not always replaced at once. Tom grumbled sometimes when one of his Oxford friends came to dinner. He and Christine used to bewail the shabby covers in the drawing-room.

"It is such a pretty room if it were only furnished off a bit," Tom said once; "why don't you girls coax the governor to let you do it up?" Tom never used the word governor unless he was in a grumbling mood, for he knew how his father hated it.

"I don't think father can afford anything this year, Tom," Bessie returned in her fearless way. "Why do you ask your grand friends if you think they will look down on us? We don't pretend to be rich people; they will find the chairs very comfortable if they will condescend to sit on them, and the tables as strong as other people's tables; and though the carpet is a little faded, there are no holes to trip your friends up."

"Oh, shut up, Betty," returned Tom, restored to good humour by her honest sarcasm. "Ferguson will come if I ask him; I think he is a bit taken with old Chrissy." And so ended the argument.

(To be continued.)



THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

OUR many friends and kind readers have shown so much interest in the Princess Louise Home that we cannot refrain from acquainting them with its present unsatisfactory condition. By "unsatisfactory" we mean nothing derogatory to its inmates, but simply that it will be no longer their Home after Christmas, unless, in God's good providence, a debt of £600 can be paid before that usually happy season. It is, in fact, to be closed. A portion of this sum has been collected or promised, but the whole is far from being realised. We have all done our best for many years to aid in supporting this now tottering house, and, from our first bazaar to this present time, our efforts have been blessed in many ways. At the annual meeting last summer it was delightful to be greeted by several of the girls who had been admitted to the Home through the contributions of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and to learn that others were doing well in re-

spectable situations. Over a dozen have been thus maintained and saved, humanly speaking, from lives of extreme poverty and temptation. It was truly satisfactory to see one of these, our particular *protégées*, come forward to receive the first prize for good conduct, awarded to her by the general vote of her companions. They all acknowledged her to be "the best girl in the school," and she modestly showed us a guinea's worth of handsome books, presented by a well-known firm. But our pleasure was counterbalanced by pain, for, in spite of all our efforts, the number of our young friends had greatly diminished. Instead of the desired hundred there were only between fifty and sixty. Still, they made a goodly show in their neat print gowns and white straw hats, which, we were not slow to perceive, were the same they had worn the year before, as well as on all other festive occasions. But, in addition, they had a band of black

crape round their sleeves, in memory of the lately-deceased Emperor of Germany, son-in-law of their beloved Queen, and brother-in-law of their dear Princess Louise. We will only hope that it may not have been a premonitory sign of mourning for the breaking up of their old Home at Woodside. For the last fifty years the "Auld House" has been filled with young girls, rescued from many perils and rejoicing in a healthful and happy life. It will indeed be sad if its doors are closed to all future claimants, and its present inmates turned adrift to seek new habitations. It is true that the demands on the charitable are great, and continually increasing; still, this "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls" will not, we hope, be allowed to die for lack of a few hundred pounds to keep it alive.

ANNE BEALE.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Twenty-five Progressive Studies for the Piano-forte, by Georges Pfeiffer.—These well-planned exercises, for style and finesse, combined with manual independence and the higher departments of technique, are greatly to be recommended, and would precede, in a most satisfactory manner, a study of either Clementi's "Gradus" or Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier."

The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, edited by Charles Gardner, present no novel features, and connect major and minor scales, bearing the same signature, as heretofore. We hope some day to find the minor scale having the same key-note, second, fourth, fifth, and seventh as the major holding that connection, as the acknowledged "nearest relation."

Fifty Five-finger Inventions, by Edwin M. Lott, represent an earnest attempt to supply a much-needed equalising practice for the five fingers, without changing the position of the hand. Considering the limits to which Mr. Lott bound himself, it is really surprising to find so much interest in his melodies.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Daybreak. Four-part song, by C. A. Macirone.—This is a beautiful composition of Miss Macirone's, possessing all the

breezy vigour which Longfellow's words naturally require in the first part, and filled with a very touching sadness when the wino "cross'd the churchyard with a sigh, and said 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'"

A Book of Four Songs, by Kate Boundy.—These settings of Herrick's and Shelley's words show great individuality of thought and harmony.

The Parting Hour, by Ernest Birch, is a typical ballad of the period, as free from difficulty as it is from interest.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

A Ribbon and a Flower. A song, with sweet, sad words, by Mary Mark-Lemon, receives a rather poor setting at the hands of Joseph Barnby.

Ask Not. By Maude Valerie White.—There is always some trait of originality in the compositions of this talented woman. In this case the words are weaker than the music.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Little Guardian. A song, by Cécile S. Martog.—Although rather in the style of such works as "Daddie," "Auntie," "Childie," and other relative compositions, this little song has the advantage of looking at things from a cheerful, hopeful point of view, which is greatly in its favour.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Who Was It? is the title of a very funny song, by F. E. Weatherley, cleverly and humorously set to music by J. L. Roeckel.

La Cavalcade makes a brisk march, although inclined to the polka in style.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Lullabye, my Darling. Words and music by Jenny Maude.—This is a simple, pretty berceuse, of which the first part is excellent.

The Dew is Sweet to the Lily. Song, by R. B. Addison.—Mr. Addison's songs are all nice, and this is no exception to the rule. The compass is from D up to E.

The Queen's Jester. A jig, by E. Boggetti.—Has all the freshness and go required, and would be very suitable for playing at a children's romp.

SOMERSET AND CO.

The Grenadiers. Polka-March, by Theo. Bonheur.—Is a lively quickstep, dedicated to Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, whose portrait is reproduced on the cover.

Jessamine, No. 1, of Floral Beauties, by J. E. Newell.—A drawing-room piece of the nocturne kind. Why "Jessamine," we cannot tell!

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

WE are once more encouraged to appeal to our young readers on behalf of this Home, in which they have been so long interested. A few weeks ago we told them that it must be closed next Christmas, unless a debt of £600 could be paid. A portion of that sum has been collected, but at least a third has yet to be gathered, if the inmates are to be saved from that destitution which must result from their being cast adrift on the stormy sea whence they were rescued. We venture to plead earnestly for them, and to ask our readers to allow the subscriptions they have generously sent in towards a Convalescent Home for Girls, to be transferred to Woodhouse, which is virtually a "Convalescent Home," since the doctor's bill for last year was only £2 3s. 9d., and the neighbouring Epping Forest is quite a health resort. Of course we all know that the contributions sent to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER towards founding a new Home for Girls are insufficient for the purpose. We have been told what a large sum is required to secure and maintain a permanent institution of this kind, and that the money in hand falls far short of it; indeed, that the scheme must be relinquished and the kind donations otherwise appropriated. This emboldens us to ask our friends to keep open the "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," by allowing the £360 collected for the one Home to be transferred to the other. This sum will enable the committee to clear off the debt, and, we will hope, leave a small margin wherewith to start afresh. Instead of closing so valuable a preventive work, we would fain see it doubled. But for lack of funds, one hundred, instead of fifty, girls would be received at Woodhouse—saved from possible ruin. Our readers have done much towards filling the Home in the past, and we feel secure of their

help and sympathy in the present crisis, as well as of their aid in the future. Could they only see the bright, happy faces of the girls, they would, assuredly, lend a hand to save them; which hand will be, metaphorically, stretched out by giving them a Happy Christmas once more in their dear Woodhouse. The following letter, lately received by the secretary, will speak for itself. The writer was three years in the Home:—

"Dear Sir,—I must ask you to forgive the liberty I am taking in writing to you. I do not know if you will recollect me or not. I was school monitor under Miss Crane, but I have not heard anything of the Home since I left, except by occasionally reading scraps in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and the *Quiver*. I was sorry to read the other day that the funds were so low, but I sincerely hope that before long subscriptions will increase. I am sure if people only knew the immense good work the society carries on they would subscribe more liberally. I often think of the happy times I had in the Home and also of those evenings when you came in and enlivened us by joining in our somewhat boisterous run. Those were happy days indeed. I often feel thankful I was sent to the home, for many things I learned when there have proved invaluable to me since. I am glad to be able to tell you I have a good situation as parlour-maid. I have been eighteen months, and I hope to stay much longer."

All the letters from the girls in service are full of gratitude, and those from many mistresses are truly satisfactory. When we consider the degraded condition from which most of them were rescued, and that fourteen hundred and fifty have been trained, fed, clothed, and placed in domestic service, we thank God for His aid, and take courage. We feel sure that His servants will still help to

save the young from such a state of sin and wretchedness as we find chronicled in the last report. We read of one, fourteen years of age, with an insane mother, and deserted by her father. Of another, eleven, with no parents that could be discovered, found in possession of two notorious drunkards. A third, aged fourteen, declaring that certain black lines under her eyes were caused by the black eyes she used to get when she was young; and so on. Most of them have been snatched like "brands from the burning." Knowing this, and much more, we need not apologise for our continued efforts on behalf of this excellent charity, or for our somewhat bold proposal that our girls shall benevolently signify to the Editor their willingness to save it from annihilation.

Since the above was written, the sum of £100 has been sent for the Convalescent Home by C. R. S. The donor adds to her benevolent gift the text, Psalm cxxvii. 1. The Editor wrote at once to the kind lady, to state that it was in consideration to transfer the sum collected for the one Home to the other, and received an immediate permission to appropriate her munificent contribution as he thought best. Had our readers seen the thankfulness of the secretary of the Princess Louise Home, as we did, on learning that £100 of the debt was to be thus wiped off, and that, with their approval, the whole would be eventually cleared, they would rejoice with us in the prospect of maintaining an existing Institution. The gratitude towards C. R. S. is intense, and the text she quotes is to be placed over the door at Woodhouse, so that all who run may read the words, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

where can it be? I'm sure I put it in my desk. Well, I ought to have done. Is it in my pocket? No, no; I've searched my pockets hopelessly again and again. Did I put it under my pillow? No. Surely I cannot have thrown it down somewhere. Heigho! how careless I am. Let me sit still and think a bit. Oh! now I know—I had my other dress on."

And you find the letter at last, but you have lost the mail, and are fit to cry about it. And no wonder. Losing a mail may mean such a deal.

But it is not any special acts of irregularity that I desire to instance. An accident may happen now and then to any of us. What I wish to condemn *in toto* is the careless habit which tends to irregularities of this kind, because it never fails to end in a kind of mental chaos. The girl who has not been drilled to the habit of regularity in the minutiae of life is utterly unfitted to run the race of life with those who are more exact. To put it in plain but truthful language, she spends at least a third of her time in worrying round looking for things. What is the consequence? She is hardly ever cheerful. She gives herself more work by that one-third than she need do. Existence to her becomes burdensome. She wears out her boots and soils her dresses when she needn't do anything of the sort. She wears out something else—her own patience. Hence she becomes peevish and discontented. Peevishness very soon tells on the constitution; it exhausts the nerves, tries the brain, and weakens the heart itself.

All this may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true. Mind you, "care killed a cat." I do not know whose cat it was or what the peculiar care was that killed it. But among human beings it is the host of little worries that kill. The care that killed the cat might have been a big stone in a sack and a hoist seawards. That would have sunk her; yes, but a sack full of small stones would have sunk her just the same. It is the constant drop that wears away the stone. Therefore I say, cultivate habits of regularity in life if you would be well and look fresh and bonnie.

Again, it is strange, but it is true, that the possession of the cheerful habit, the habit of looking at everything on the bright side, tends to lengthen life quite as much as habits of indolence, procrastination, and untidiness tend to shorten it. But can such a habit be cultivated? "Yes," I reply, "it can be so in the young." And what is more, it tends to keep one young and fresh and beautiful in body and

in heart as well. But regarding its cultivation, I do not think that cheerfulness is indigenous to the British nation, though, like any other imported plant, it can be grown. I have been in countries in which cheerfulness flourished and grew like a green bay tree, where every countenance I noted in the street was more happy looking than another, and where, although their lot in life did not seem a very exalted one, contentment reigned almost universally. In England we see less of it, but happy and healthful indeed is the possessor of such a virtue.

Well, it is now admitted by all psychologists and physiologists that certain portions of the brain preside over certain sets of not only motives but sentiments. Though I do not believe that this goes the length of erecting phrenological bumps in the skull, still the particular portion of brain most used becomes most easily used till the habit is formed. If you place a boy as apprentice with a blacksmith he will not be able to swing bars and big hammers round at first, but he'll try, and with use his dexterity will increase and his biceps also, till what he did at first painfully and awkwardly becomes no trouble at all, but, on the contrary, a pleasure. Do you see the application? It is the same with the cultivation of cheerfulness. Begin by trying. Remember it will be difficult at first. You will need to exercise self-control, and often you may actually feel that there is no real cheerfulness in your heart. But the habit of looking at the silver lining of every dark cloud will increase, and will really become a second nature. Happiness will follow hand in hand with health.

It is strange, but it is true, that the habit of living out of one's self is a safeguard for the health. It is a blessed habit; like charity, it blesses the giver as well as the recipient. I really cannot conceive of time being better spent than in giving pleasure to others, and helping others, though with sympathy alone. Indeed, a kind word will very often go further than gold. Even the exhibition of an interest in another's welfare does that other good. When a younger man I did not think anything of swimming a mile or more over a deep, dark Highland lake or loch, and I had a rustic companion who used to perform the feat with me. Well, often when ploughing away in the very deepest, darkest part of our journey, I would look round to him, or he would look round to me, and say, "How are

you getting on, lad?" Not much in the words, but we cheered each other thus, and nerved each other's arms. So it is in the race of life. Do not run all for yourself. Think of your neighbours. Some people do not.

Suppose, says a great good man, that we were to live solely for ourselves; suppose that the heart of selfishness were *not stretched* so far in all men as to embrace the offspring of their own bodies; suppose that our parents, our nurses, our teachers, everyone through whose kind administrations we have grown up to be what we are, had lived altogether for themselves? What would have become of us? Should we ever have risen from our cradle? Should we ever have had a cradle to rise from? Surely our first moment would have been our last. We should have been drowned like so many puppies or kittens.

We oftentimes show selfishness and want of feeling in our conversation. Just one example—and I never go far away to fetch my examples—I called only yesterday on a friend I had not seen for two months. I was with him for about two hours. During all that time he talked about nothing but himself, his doings, his hopes, and successes; never once did he ask the simple question, "How do you get on in the world?" I said nothing, but I could not help thinking a word of sympathy would not have cost him much; and brain-workers need that sympathy more, perhaps, than any class of people. But mind you this, my friend is really a good, kind-hearted fellow, only thoughtless.

"What tragedy," says another writer, may be hidden in that little word 'friendless.'" None to labour for, none to weep or smile with, none to care whether we lose or win in life's struggle. A kind word or smile coming from such a one unexpectedly, at some such crisis of life, how often has it been like the plank held out to a drowning man, lacking which he must surely have perished!

A higher motive than even health's sake draws us towards religion, but apart from every other feeling, it may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that a mind at rest with heaven has a firmer hold on even this life than a restless, careless being, who is ever on the search for that which we assuredly will never find here below—perfect happiness.

These things are all worth thinking about, whether you be an invalid or in the heyday of health and spirits. We never know what is before us and forewarned is forearmed.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

OUR girls will, we are sure, be glad to learn that one of their oldest friends has taken out a new lease of life. This is mainly due to them. But for their timely aid, and the donation of "C. R. S.," the Princess Louise Home would probably have died a natural, or unnatural (?) death. The latter is, perhaps, the more suitable adjective; for it would have been suicidal to have let it die of starvation after fifty years of honest work.

It has now, however, started afresh, with renewed vigour, and the numerous subscribers to the proposed Convalescent Home would, we think, rejoice to see the young inmates made happy by the transfer of their donations from a prospective Home to one already established, though failing for lack of funds. They will also rejoice to learn that the writer, thanks to their benevolence, has had the privilege of nominating four new girls, who are now within the friendly shelter of Wood-

house, Wanstead. These were in various stages of destitution and danger, but are now, through the mediation of a merciful providence, rescued to be trained for His service.

The said writer has also received a letter this month from one of the girls admitted through the instrumentality of the G. O. P., of whom mention has been made in a previous number. She is now in service, and writes, "I like my place very much, and I am quite happy. My mistress told me that I should go and see Miss Skinner (the matron) in March, and I am longing for it to come." It is a satisfaction to know that our dozen girls are either in service, or remain at the Home as laundry-maids. Also that the laundry succeeds, and bids fair to help to maintain the Home. Our readers will be surprised to find that the G. O. P. girls, as we must call them, have been taught, trained, and placed in respectable situations, since that first appeal in the magazine, such

is the flight of time! We shall hope, soon, to give a full, true, and particular account of the sum handed over to Mr. Gillham, the Secretary. Meanwhile there are some more kind donations to acknowledge. Before doing so, we would transcribe a few lines from a letter written by "C. R. S.," to whom was mainly due the resuscitation of the Home last Christmas.

"I sometimes fear money may take too high a place in our thoughts. I want 'Our Girls' ever to bear in mind, it is 'the blessing of the Lord maketh rich.' He gives it to the pence equally with the pounds, and 'addeth no sorrow with it.'"

Further donations:—Greenwell and Daisy House, two factory girls, 4s.; J. C., 5s.; S. Orme, 1s.; E. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Canopus, 1s.; Lisbet, 3s.; M. E. A., 10s.; S. L. and W., 1s. 6d.; A. Mite, 1s.; Moss and Fern, 5s.; S. C. E., 2s. Sent to the Secretary, A. Gillham, Esq., 32, Sackville Street, W.

with a hole in it, and the motto in tiny letters on Her Majesty's cheek?"

Nelly immediately fished it up from the bottom of her pocket, and with it a collection of small articles, very like those which schoolboys delight to collect, and handed it to me.

"I am going to keep it, if you will give it to me," I said; "so never complain that I will not take any money from you."

The girl's face brightened as I attached it to my watch-chain, which, as well as the watch, had been my mother's. Then I said, "Good-bye, Nellie. I cannot tell you how happy this talk has made me; and it will have to last for a long time, but I shall never forget it or you. I should like you to tell Mr. Burford that we have had it. He will say whether you must also name it to your mother."

She promised, and sped away like a young fawn, whilst I went homeward with a slower step and a lighter heart than I had known since I heard of my father's death.

I was quite determined not to meet this dear girl friend again, so long as Mrs. Burford maintained the same attitude towards me, but there was no need for me to pain her kind heart by saying so. I knew she would keep her word, and tell her father of our meeting, so I felt satisfied on her account. She had been less than just to herself in speaking of her spendthrift habits; probably she kept no account of the way in which most of her money went. I fully believe that. But there were poor folk that could have answered for her, and who prayed for a blessing on that young head. Nelly Burford was both tender-hearted and generous, and could never close her ears to a tale of want, or her pocket, if she had anything left to give.

The sixpence she had so cheerfully handed over had a history, and bore an inscription beside the impress given to it at the Mint. Some former owner had taken pains to engrave the words, "Work, Wait, Win," on the smooth cheek of the Queen's likeness. The

letters were small, but beautifully clear and legible to anyone with fairly good sight. Who had shaped them we knew not, for Nelly picked up the coin on a field path, when she, Rose, and I were out walking together, a couple of years before. We did not find an owner for it, but judged that it had dropped from a worn link in the chain to which it had been attached. Apart from the inscription, there was nothing remarkable about the coin.

We young people used to call it the "three W's," sixpence, because the tiny capital letters stood out conspicuously, but it was only since the date of my own altered fortunes that I had begun to think about the motto.

"'Work, Wait, Win,'" I repeated to myself. "Those are just the words for me, and I will ask my Heavenly Father to give me strength and will to work, patience to persevere and to wait until, in His good time, He sees fit to reward my efforts."

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

AGAIN we have to thank our generous friend C. R. S. for the kind gift of £100, which has been sent direct to the Home. She wishes it to be applied to the training of two girls in the Home at Wanstead for three years, and we earnestly echo the prayer she adds to her request "That, with the blessing of our Heavenly Father, the dear girls may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

From some misadventure two kind donations were omitted in the last list of subscriptions, printed in the August number. They are "A. E. B.," 5s., and "Mollie," 5s. Should

there be any other mistake the Secretary will gladly rectify it. We have also to acknowledge £1 from Gwendoline Howell, Lizzie Judge, and Maud Bass, the proceeds of a small sale of work held by them. They and a few young friends manufactured the articles sold, and their juvenile companions came to buy. They held their miniature bazaar in a garden, and it is easy to picture the pleasure of buyers and sellers, as well as the amount of threepenny-bits expended by the children. The three principals brought their treasure to the Home, and asked to see it. They went over it, were

introduced to the Busy Bees of the Hive, were regaled with tea, and must have been well satisfied, since they promised to come again, and do more work in aid of the Institution. They were readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We thank them heartily for their help, as well as the numerous other friends who have sent contributions, either to the Editor of that magazine, or to the Secretary of the Home, at 32, Sackville Street, W. All future contributions should be sent direct to the Secretary, who will in every case acknowledge their receipt.

ANNE BEALE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

RICA.—There is the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Lower Clapton, E. In this a home is provided for those who are incapacitated by age or infirmity to earn a living, and industrial training is given to those who might earn it. Some of the inmates are admitted on payment of a small sum for instruction and maintenance, and some free of cost. Address the secretary, 27, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. The Cambridge Higher Local Exams. are held in December and June; fees £1 and £2; Professor G. F. Browne, Esq., Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. Write to him for the prospectus and all other information you require.

ONE ANXIOUS FOR EDUCATION.—We are glad that our paper has stimulated you to improve your education. The cheapest colleges that confer degrees are St. Hugh's College, 25, Norham Road, Oxford—£60 per annum; and Somerville Hall, St. Giles' Road, W., of which the principal is Miss M. Shaw Lefevre—annual expense 60 guineas. You had better write direct to the principals of these colleges for their several prospectuses, and we hope that one of them may supply what you require; and you must judge for yourself as to your preparedness to enter on the course required.

MYSTERY.—The nationality of your father is yours. To leave your present vocation in which through an over-ruling Providence you have been placed, to go to the expense of a training in a new business or profession, would be a risky venture, and unless you had independent means you should beware of so doing.

A. M. C.—Perhaps the Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club would suit you. The hon. sec. is Miss Thoyts, Sulhamstead, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELLA J.—You need never have any difficulty in spelling words like "believe" and "conceive" if you remember this simple rule: "i" before "e," except after "c"; except "seize."

REREDOS.—The ornaments in architecture of which you speak are called "guttae" from their fancied resemblance to drops, for which "guttae" is the Latin expression.

ADA.—You ought to be able to ride a tricycle (not "tricycle," as you spell it) with your brother, if you have the ordinary strength of a girl of your age. Those machines on which one rider sits behind the other are called "tandems"; those on which the riders sit side by side are called "sociables."

OLD AGE.—You do not say whether you be a daughter or widow of a clergyman; these may obtain a pension of about £30 or £50 per annum after they have attained the age of fifty, from the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy," at 2, Bloomsbury Place, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. Then there is a Permanent Home for Gentlemen at 52, Netherwood Road, West Kensington; apply to Miss B. Robertson, 11, Stanley Crescent, Notting Hill, W.; also Belmont Home, for Gentlemen of Reduced Means—hon. sec. Miss J. A. Keene, 6, Camden Road, Lewisham Hill. Perhaps the United Sisters' Friendly Society would suit you, the object of which is summed up thus:—1. A weekly allowance in sickness. 2. An annuity from the age of sixty-five. 3. A sum of money (£50 or upwards) at death. Address—secretary, Miss Edith M. Maskell, Emmanuel Hospital, S.W.

P. O. A. M. (Canada).—The story you relate has been exaggerated. There are plants, not "trees," that feed on living organisms of the insect world. There are those of the genus *Sacenia*, and those of

the genus *Drosera rotundifolia*, which latter may be called the "beef-eater." This extraordinary plant was carefully studied and experimented upon by Mr. Canby (American botanist), and Dr. Hooker relates that when feeding it with small pieces of beef it completely dissolved and absorbed them, and the leaf reopened with a dry surface ready to eat again. Moreover, these disagreed with it, turned it black, and finally killed it. It feeds on beetles (the *curculio*); and the fact is established that the fluid is secreted (that destroys and digests the insect), and not the result of the decomposition of the substance which the leaf has seized. Speaking of the *Drosera rotundifolia*, Darwin says that if inorganic substances be placed upon these carnivorous plants, they take no notice of them. Two botanists, Mr. Whately and Mr. Roth, observed that there are hairs exuding a clammy juice on the leaf, which folds over the insect and bends inwards, so that the end of the leaf touched the base. Insects decoyed within the pitcher-shaped leaf of the *Sacenia*, to steal its honey, never come out again, for "the biter is bitten!" The bees, however, are never thus "taken in and done for!" Some of the carnivorous plants are to be found in this country.

LAURA.—The original meaning of the word "shall" was "I have committed a murmur;" hence it came to signify "I owe the penalty." Chaucer uses the word "shall" in the sense of "owe" ("By the faith I shall to God," *Id.*, "By the faith I owe to God"). From this it became significant of simple futurity. The word "can" originally meant "know," and is connected with the word "ken."

OUR OF SORTS.—You should, as far as we can judge of from your account, always wear flannel next to your skin. A pill of aloes and iron might help you, or you might take Squire's Chemical Food and cod-liver oil.

one little *faisan des bois* which I named Yvonne, and of which I made a great pet. For a short time everything went on well. Lulled by a false security, I bought fifteen eggs of the golden pheasant and seven Venérés for fifteen francs, and put them under a hen. My own golden pheasants, being 1888 birds, could not, of course, reproduce before 1889. My ill-luck, however, still pursued me. Yvonne died of cholera, notwithstanding my precautions. All the Venéré eggs proved added, and only four out of the fifteen golden pheasants' eggs were good. Three of these the mother in her excitement crushed. I took away the fourth and brought it up in my pocket—this time with success. Fi-fi, as I named it, had cholera, but I managed to cure it, and Fi-fi now is my sole joy in the way of young pheasants. Well, she is most devoted; follows me and my husband all over the garden, and if she loses sight of us and sees no human creature about, she lifts up her head and cries in the most pitiful manner. If a succession of agonised "pew-pews" does not produce any effect, she flies off to the kitchen, where she knows she is sure to find someone. Her basket is in a corner of the kitchen, and stands in a large tin tray, where her food and water are put. Fi-fi is living, that is something to be glad of; but Fi-fi is not whole—she has a broken leg, and for three weeks has been obliged to sit quietly in her basket with her poor little leg set in splints. The accident all came of her love of humanity. Marie, the cook, had gone round to a farm close by for a few minutes, the other servants were out or upstairs, I was away for the day, Fi-fi was alone. This did not please her majesty. Receiving no answer to her "pew-pews," she started forth on a voyage of discovery. A quarter of an hour after, when Marie came back, she found the poor little thing shut in a door by one leg. It had evidently banged as she was passing through. Needless to say, the leg was broken horribly. I sent her to the veterinary to have it set.

"I am afraid, madame, it will be almost impossible," he said; "the leg is very much splintered, and birds flutter so, it is very hard work to set the simplest break."

"Fi-fi won't move," I said; "only talk to her while you are doing it."

He smiled, and looked incredulous; but on

trial he found I was right. Fi-fi never moved a feather, but only blinked her eyes a great deal and was very silent. As a rule, she makes a funny little happy noise when spoken to, putting her head on one side and looking up curiously at you; but for three days after her accident she was very quiet and sad, never made a sound, not even when left alone. This week the setting will be undone, when I hope she will be able to run about as well as ever.

I have told you the greatest of the *malheurs* which have befallen my *élevage* this year, and I think that if you are not bursting with sympathy, you must really be very hard-hearted. However, whatever befalls us, it is possible, as all "Our Girls" know, to learn something good and useful thereby, if we look at it in the proper light, and choose to learn by our own experience. I say "own" advisedly, for, as we all know, young things generally refuse to listen to or take any experience offered them by their elders. They always know best themselves, and call the proffer of advice an "old fogey," or *démodé*. As a sister of mine told me the other day when I ventured to expostulate about something, and remarked that I should never have dreamt of doing such a thing at her age, "Oh, then, of course not," said she, almost contemptuously. "That was in ancient days."

She is ten years younger than I am.

"Our Girls" are probably thinking I am wandering very far afield. Well, so I am; but as I must not take up much of Mr. Editor's space, I will retrace my steps to the pheasants at once, and inform "Our Girls" what this year's experience of pheasant breeding has taught me.

In seven years I never lost one, young or adult, by illness. This year I lost all my young through disease, although I treated them exactly the same. Why was it? I will let you into the secret, and I think I have really found out the real reason. I brought up chickens and pheasants all together this year, whilst the previous years I had pheasants only. My space is limited at night, and they were certainly rather squeezed for room; though I managed to get them all in comfortably enough. Still it stands to reason that seventy chickens, with their mothers, some twenty pheasants, also with hens, and nine or ten sitting hens in baskets, round the outhouse,

must, sooner or later, impregnate the earth to a great and unhealthy degree with their droppings, thus sowing the germ of disease which afterwards carried them all off. This I am nearly certain was the cause of my failure this year. Next year I shall have nice comfortable coops made for the young pheasants, with a slide in front to let down at night and ventilation in the top of the coop, leave them out thus all night, and move the coop on to fresh ground every day. In this way I do not see how disease can arise, unless from neglect of the hen in keeping them warm, which is, of course, a risk one always runs. Out of fifteen hens this year I had one who was a bad mother in this way. She would let her little ones stand round her, "peeping" for hours to be taken into the warm, appearing not to notice them at all. Naturally in the end they died from cholera, brought on by cold and neglect. Then I shall keep my sitting hens and hens with chickens apart; and as the chickens are out all day except in rainy weather, I think this arrangement should answer. If it doesn't, I shall give up keeping fowls and stick to the pheasants.

I do not think pheasants are very liable to any other disease. They get the pip occasionally: this, every one who keeps fowls can discern at once, and cure. It is very seldom they get apoplexy caused by too rich feeding; this is easily avoided, as pheasants are very small eaters, and do not require fattening food. Mine are in very good condition, and they seldom have anything but buckwheat, and of that so small a quantity I often wonder how they live. I am sure any two hens eat as much if not more than any fourteen adult pheasants. Now I think I have told "Our Girls" the chief maladies to fear in rearing pheasants. I do not pretend to know everything about them; *au contraire*, I daresay I have yet much to learn, but I do not remember reading or hearing of any other disease at the present moment, and this is, at any rate, my own experience.

Now I think I have quite exhausted the subject of pheasants in captivity, unless it be the description of the plumage of the different sorts. This I hardly think necessary, but some future day, if Mr. Editor will permit, I may perhaps have a word or two to say about it.



THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

To the Editor of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

DEAR SIR,—May I ask your permission to thank, briefly though earnestly, the many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who have so generously aided this Institution? The committee of management, feeling naturally desirous to mark in some permanent way their very high appreciation of the sacrifices made by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, have determined to devote a portion of the Home at Wanstead to the purposes of a Home of Rest for Working Girls—a feature in the work of this Institution long contemplated by the founder of this charity, but never hitherto accomplished. There are thousands of young working girls whose health fails them by reason of long hours, close confinement, sedentary

occupations, or other causes incidental to their avocations, who, without opportunity of rest, change of air, and outdoor exercise, must permanently fall out of employment. To meet such cases as these is the object of the Home of Rest.

It was not without an earnest appeal for Divine direction the Committee ultimately resolved upon instituting this Home; and whilst I am directed to convey to you, to Miss Anne Beale, and to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER the warmest thanks of the Committee, I am desired also to express their hope that the course they have adopted may commend itself to the sympathies of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and that God's own blessing may give life to their work.

The beneficent generosity of the readers of

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in £ s. d. form is displayed in the significant figures £638 10s. 3d. (including the two munificent gifts of C. R. S.); but it must not be forgotten that this very handsome sum was supplemented by gifts in kind contributed from all parts of the world in aid of the Knightsbridge Bazaar, and that these must bring the total value of their contributions to little short of a thousand pounds sterling.

May they be moved by God's love and guided by His wisdom in all they do, is the very earnest prayer of

Yours (and theirs) ever gratefully,

ALFRED M. GILLHAM.

32, Sackville Street, London, W.

I have often advised sea salt to be put in the bath, but see that you get it good. But I must qualify my advice about sea salt by saying that it will not, in my humble opinion, benefit any person who is subject to attacks, say, of that troublesome complaint, eczema. And there are certain states of the skin in which it may prove injurious. On the whole it makes a bath more fit for men than for the gentler sex.

As for local treatment I ought to tell you at once it is somewhat disappointing. Washing the hands in soft warm water and then well rubbing the palms with oxide of zinc, may do good. A powder of talc, chalk, and salicylic acid is recommended by American doctors. I have seen no effects from it, good or bad. The old-fashioned cure is to wash the hands first in warm water, then steep them for some time in cold water, to which a couple of dessert-spoonfuls of powdered alum to the pint has been added. Then to dust with oxide of zinc.

But I suspect you are to look for a cure more to constitutional than to local treatment. And you cannot get better all in a day nor in thirty days either.

3. *Rough Red Hands.*—This is more of a local than a constitutional complaint. Although I may remind you here that whenever you have any bother with the hands, whatever it may be, you will do well to see to the state of your health and regularity of the system.

Take for instance this red rough condition of hands; well, it may have occurred from direct irritation, from constant contact with water or exposure to cold air; but you will also perceive that if the blood is more or less dammed up in the hands, which it would be in the case of a somewhat weak or flabby right heart, that the hands would not only be a disagreeable colour, but that more blood being supplied to the capillaries or the surface blood-vessels, a greater activity of the skin would prevail, and it would become purpuraceous.

Well, now, if you have rough red hands and want to whiten or smooth them, you must wet them just as little as possible; when doing any kind of rough work, as all girls must at times, wear gloves, especially if gardening. Gardening is most pleasant and healthful exercise, so you must not give it up simply because your hands are red. Protect them; wash the hands two or three times a day in warm soft water in which a portion of fine oatmeal has been mixed, and dry them with a soft towel. Wear the gloves all you can, but not to "plot" or overheat the hands. Some doctors recommend using the water that has been strained off well boiled oatmeal porridge to wash in, morning and night. You may try it if you choose. I think the fine oatmeal is just as good. Sometimes two or three grains of chloride of lime are added to the water with which you desire

to whiten the hands. This has a bleaching effect.

Every time the hands are washed, a little almond glycerine or honey may be used to rub over them; but here again let me remind you that glycerine in any form *hurts the hands* of some tender-skinned girls.

The French use *gants gras*, and many English ladies do so also. This might be roughly translated grease gloves, but it looks ever so much better in French. Well, you need not send to Paris for them, prepare them yourself. Take a large old pair of kid or chamois leather or dog's skin gloves, about a mile and three quarters too big for you. Your brother's driving gloves might do, but you would catch it, I guess. Turn them inside out and smear them with a mixture of cold cream and Florentine Iris powder, and you may add a little heather honey. Wear them all night, they will render the hands soft and white, but remember your health.

And now I shall make you a promise. My next paper will continue this subject and give ever so many more hints about not only the hands, but face and neck. I make this promise subject, of course, to my chief's approval—the Editor, I mean—but as he is always on the quarter-deck when the interests of his readers are to be furthered you may look out for next month's issue.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

FOR many consecutive years the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* have taken a kindly interest in the Princess Louise Home. But a long time has passed since there has been any notice of it in this magazine. There is, however, a special reason for renewing the subject just now, which is that the home has changed its quarters. The familiar old "Woodhouse," situated at Wanstead, Essex, was doomed by one of the omnipotent railway companies, and had to be sold, to the regret of all who loved the place, and the forest near which it was situated. The present address is the Princess Louise Home, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Here, instead of the old-fashioned and somewhat rickety Woodhouse, we have quite a palatial building, which was originally the Home of the Metropolitan Convalescent Society, and has now been purchased by this society for the protection of young girls.

Since the removal of the institution from Wanstead to Kingston Hill, a great loss has befallen its inmates. Mr. Gillham, their beloved and respected secretary and friend, has been taken from them. Death has carried him off whose life was literally devoted to his work and to the young people he faithfully served. One of his last kind acts was to give £5 for the purchase of books to form a special library for the juvenile laundresses, in whose prosperity he was greatly interested; indeed, the Woodhouse laundry was mainly built by his efforts, and one at Kingston Hill was in process of construction when he died. Such of our readers as have followed various papers in the *GIRL'S OWN PAPER* will not have forgotten this "indefatigable secretary," and will, we hope, remember our bazaars, collections, donations, and above all, "our girls," in connection with this home. They may be thankful for having "tided over" the institution on more than one occasion when navigation was difficult, and in thus having aided its present, we hope, prosperous state.

Do any of them recollect that through their instrumentality a great many girls were admitted into the Home? Of these, several are

in good situations, others in the laundry, and all, thus far, doing well. Only the other day we had a visit from one of them who had been to the annual *fête* at Kingston Hill, to receive a guinea for keeping her situation. Others write us charming letters, and all would, if they could, thank their young friends of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* for thus providing for them.

These young friends will like to know that the laundry is now complete, and the juvenile laundresses have set to work with good will. They will thus be enabled to earn something towards their support as they did at Wanstead. Moreover, when all is in full working order, the Home hopes to do a large business, and eventually to become more or less self-supporting. But to effect this very desirable end a debt of £2,000 has been incurred, towards the repayment of which "the smallest donations will be thankfully received," as the old-fashioned beggars used to say. We employ finer language nowadays when we make our appeals! Whatever the language, however, the Secretary has received the sum of one shilling from a reader of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* towards this debt and we hope it may be the nucleus of endless other shillings.

As an encouragement to so desirable an end it is only necessary to state that a Home of Rest for Working Girls is now regularly established in the new home at Kingston Hill. It is situated in the wing of the building, and consists of two rooms containing thirteen beds, and a sitting-room, which has been comfortably furnished. This latter is known as the "G. O. P. Room," in kind remembrance of the help received from subscribers to *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. We hope "our girls" will follow the example of the Princess Louise in transferring their interest from the old to the new Home. Her Royal Highness re-opened the latter on July 23, 1892, and congratulated the committee on having made a change for the better. So did the Marquis of Lorne, who said that although it was not always a good thing to be run over by a railway, in this instance it had been fortunate.

Moreover, there is room for nearly double the number of girls accommodated at Woodhouse, and the committee are prepared to admit fifty more as funds permit. To quote from the report, "To save young girls from social ruin and train them to be good and useful in their calling, is an object which must commend itself to all"; and when we think of the hundreds who have been thus trained and saved we thank God for putting into the heart of man the desire to aid the unprotected and tempted.

The cases reported are as sad as sad can be; but we are told that many are too painful to record for general circulation. It is the every-day story of no parents or bad parents, and surroundings of drunkenness, crime, and immorality. We venture to quote one very suggestive letter:—

"DEAR MADAM,—Having been an inmate of the Home five years ago I write to ask if it is possible for me to get two children into the Home. I am sure it is most heart-breaking to see them having the run of the streets, and the eldest is getting quite beyond control, and knowing the good I gained by being an inmate, and the kindness I had shown me, I think it would be a great kindness to do as much for them if I can.

"I remain, yours humbly,
"J. S."

The thanksgiving letters of the girls are legion; and the praise-giving testimonials from mistresses are frequent and satisfactory; so that we may look with hopefulness towards a good future for those still in the Home, and others who, in God's good Providence, may become its inmates. Should any of our readers have a purse overflowing with the shillings aforesaid they can transfer them to the strong box they wot of under the care of "The Secretary, Princess Louise Home, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W." They shall be duly acknowledged, as heretofore, in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.